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A

# COLLECTION OF HYMNS

IN USE AT THE

Oratory of St. Philip Neri,

AT BIRMINGHAM.

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BIRMINGHAM :

LANDER, POWELL & CO., 108, NEW STREET.

MDCCCL.

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Coll

## ERRATA.

At page 3, line 4, *for* disylay'd *read* display'd.  
.. 6, .. 21, *for* lovliest *read* loveliest.  
.. 124, .. 23, *for* vinem *read* vinum.  
.. .. 26, *for* Qund *read* Quod.  
.. 130, .. 2, *for* casa *read* causa.  
.. .. 4, *for* Querens *read* Qucerens.



# HYMNS, &c.



## SUNDAY.

1.

MORNING.

- 1 **T**HIS day the blessed Trinity  
The universe began ;  
This day the world's Creator rose,  
O'ercoming death for man.
- 2 Casting betimes dull sloth away,  
We too will rise by night ;  
And with the Prophet seek the Lord,  
Before the dawning light.
- 3 So may He stretch his hand to save,  
And hear us in his love ;  
And, cleans'd from guilt, our souls restore  
To their blest home above.
- 4 So, while on this his holy Day,  
At this most sacred hour,  
Our psalms amid the stillness rise,  
May He his blessings shower.

- 5 Father of lights ! keep us this day  
 From sinful passions free ;  
 Grant us, in every word, and deed,  
 And thought, to honour Thee.
- 6 Thou Lord of chastity divine !  
 Grant us the grace to quell  
 Those flames impure, which, cherish'd here,  
 Increase the flames of hell.
- 7 Saviour, of thy sweet clemency,  
 Wash Thou our sins away ;  
 Grant us Thy peace—grant us with Thee  
 The joys of endless day.
- 8 Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;  
 Hear us, coequal Son ;  
 Who reignest with the Holy Ghost,  
 While ceaseless ages run.
- 

## 2.

## MORNING.

- 1 **A** GAIN the Sunday morn  
 Calls us to prayer and praise ;  
 Waking our hearts to gratitude  
 With its enlivening rays
- 2 But Christ yet brighter shone,  
 Quenching the morning beam ;  
 When triumphing from death He rose,  
 And rais'd us up with Him.

- 3 When first the world sprang forth,  
 In majesty array'd,  
 And bath'd in streams of purest light ;—  
 What power was there display'd !
- 4 But oh, what love !—when Christ,  
 For our transgressions slain,  
 Was by th' Eternal Father rais'd  
 For us to life again.
- 5 His new-created world,  
 The mighty Maker view'd,  
 With thousand lovely tints adorn'd ;  
 And straight pronounc'd it good.
- 6 But oh ! much more He joy'd  
 That self-same world to see,  
 Wash'd in the Lamb's all-saving Blood,  
 From its impurity.
- 7 Nature each day renews  
 Her beauty evermore ;  
 Whence to God's hidden Majesty,  
 The soul is taught to soar.
- 8 But Christ, the Light of all,  
 The Father's Image blest,  
 Gives us to see our God Himself  
 In Flesh made manifest.
- 9 Blest Trinity ! vouchsafe  
 That to thy guidance true,  
 What Thou forbiddest, we may shun ;  
 What Thou commandest, do.

## 3.

## EVENING.

- 1 O BLEST Creator of the light ;  
Who dost the dawn from darkness bring ;  
And framing Nature's depth and height,  
Didst with the new-born light begin ;
  - 2 Who gently blending eve with morn,  
And morn with eve, didst call them day :—  
Thick flows the flood of darkness down ;  
Oh, hear us as we weep and pray !
  - 3 Keep thou our souls from schemes of crime ;  
Nor guilt remorseful let them know ;  
Nor, thinking but on things of time,  
Into eternal darkness go.
  - 4 Teach us to knock at Heaven's high door ;  
Teach us the prize of life to win ;  
Teach us all evil to abhor,  
And purify ourselves within.
  - 5 Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;  
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son !  
Who with the Holy Ghost most high,  
Reignest while endless ages run.
- 

## 4.

## MORNING.

- 1 NOW with the rising golden dawn,  
Let us, the children of the day,  
Cast off the darkness which so long  
Has led our guilty souls astray.



- 2 Oh, may the morn, so pure, so clear,  
 Its own sweet calm in us instil ;  
 A guileless mind, a heart sincere,  
 Simplicity of word and will :
- 3 And ever, as the day glides by,  
 May we the busy senses rein ;  
 Keep guard upon the hand and eye,  
 Nor let the body suffer stain.
- 4 For all day long, on Heaven's high tower,  
 There stands a Sentinel, who spies  
 Our every action, hour by hour,  
 From early dawn till daylight dies.
- 5 To God the Father glory be,  
 And to his sole-begotten Son ;  
 The same, O Holy Ghost ! to Thee,  
 While everlasting ages run.

## 5.

## EVENING.

- 1 **N**OW with the fast-departing light,  
 Maker of all ! we ask of Thee,  
 Of thy great mercy, through the night  
 Our guardian and defence to be.
- 2 Far off let idle visions fly ;  
 No phantom of the night molest ;  
 Curb thou our raging enemy,  
 That we in chaste repose may rest.
- 3 Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;  
 Hear us, O sole-begotten Son !  
 Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,  
 Reignest while endless ages run.

## ANTIPHONS

OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

6. FROM THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT TO THE  
FEAST OF THE PURIFICATION.*Alma Redemptoris.*

MOTHER of Christ! hear thou thy people's  
cry,  
Star of the deep, and Portal of the sky!  
Mother of Him who thee from nothing made,  
Sinking we strive, and call to thee for aid;  
Oh, by that joy which Gabriel brought to thee,  
Thou Virgin first and last, let us thy mercy see.

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7. FROM THE PURIFICATION OF THE BLESSED  
VIRGIN TO PALM SUNDAY.*Ave Regina.*

HAIL, O Queen of Heaven enthron'd!  
Hail, by angels Mistress own'd!  
Root of Jesse! Gate of morn!  
Whence the world's true Light was born;  
Glorious Virgin, joy to thee,  
Lovliest whom in Heaven they see:  
Fairest thou where all are fair!  
Plead with Christ, our sins to spare.

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## 8. FROM EASTER-SUNDAY TO WHIT-SUNDAY.

*Regina cæli.*

JOY to thee, O Queen of Heaven! Alleluia.  
He whom thou wast meet to bear; Alleluia.  
As He promis'd, hath arisen; Alleluia.  
Pour for us to Him thy prayer; Alleluia.

9. FROM TRINITY SUNDAY TO THE LAST SUNDAY  
AFTER PENTECOST.

*Salve Regina.*

MOTHER of mercy, hail, O gentle Queen !  
Our life, our sweetness, and our hope, all  
Children of Eve, [hail !  
To thee we cry from our sad banishment ;  
To thee we send our sighs,  
Weeping and mourning in this tearful vale.  
Come, then, our Advocate ;  
Oh, turn on us those pitying eyes of thine :  
And, our long exile past,  
Shew us at last  
Jesus, of thy pure womb the fruit divine.  
O Virgin Mary, mother blest !  
O sweetest, gentlest, holiest !

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10. ADVENT.

- 1 CREATOR of the starry frame !  
Eternal Light of all who live !  
Jesu, Redeemer of mankind !  
An ear to thy poor suppliants give.
- 2 When man was sunk in sin and death,  
Lost in the depth of Satan's snare,  
Love brought Thee down to cure our ills,  
By taking of those ills a share.
- 3 Thou, for the sake of guilty men,  
Causing thine own pure blood to flow,  
Didst issue from thy Virgin shrine,  
And to the Cross a Victim go.

- 4 So great the glory of thy might,  
 If we but chance thy name to sound,  
 At once all Heaven and Hell unite  
 In bending low with awe profound.
- 5 Great Judge of all ! in that last day,  
 When friends shall fail, and foes combine,  
 Be present then with us, we pray,  
 To guard us with thy arm divine.
- 6 To God the Father, and the Son,  
 All praise and power and glory be ;  
 With Thee, O holy Comforter !  
 Henceforth through all eternity.
- 

## 11.

## ADVENT.

- 1 **H**ARK ! an awful voice is sounding ;  
 “ Christ is nigh,” it seems to say ;  
 “ Cast away the dreams of darkness,  
 O ye children of the day !”
- 2 Startled at the solemn warning,  
 Let the earth-bound soul arise ;  
 Christ her Sun, all sloth dispelling,  
 Shines upon the morning skies.
- 3 Lo ! the Lamb so long expected,  
 Comes with pardon down from Heaven ;  
 Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,  
 One and all to be forgiven.

4 So, when next he comes with glory,  
Wrapping all the earth in fear,  
May He then as our Defender  
On the clouds of Heaven appear.

5 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,  
To the Father and the Son,  
With the everlasting Spirit,  
While eternal ages run.

## 12.

### CHRISTMAS.

1 JESU, Redeemer of the world !  
Who, ere the earliest dawn of light,  
Wast from eternal ages born,  
Immense in glory as in might.

2 Immortal Hope of all mankind !  
In whom the Father's face we see ;  
Hear Thou the prayers thy people pour  
This day throughout the world to Thee.

3 Remember, O Creator Lord !  
That in the Virgin's sacred womb  
Thou wast conceiv'd, and of her flesh  
Didst our mortality assume.

4 This ever-blest recurring day  
Its witness bears, that all alone,  
From thy own Father's bosom forth,  
To save the world Thou camest down.

- 5 O Day! to which the seas and sky,  
And earth and Heaven, glad welcome sing;  
O Day! which heal'd our misery,  
And brought on earth salvation's King.
- 6 We too, O Lord, who have been cleans'd  
In thy own fount of blood divine,  
Offer the tribute of sweet song,  
On this blest natal day of thine.
- 7 O Jesu! born of Virgin bright,  
Immortal glory be to Thee;  
Praise to the Father infinite,  
And Holy Ghost eternally.
- 

## 13.

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

- 1 YE faithful, approach ye,  
Joyfully triumphing;  
Oh, come ye, oh, come ye, to Bethlehem;  
Come and behold ye  
Born the King of angels:  
Oh, come, let us worship,  
Oh, come, let us worship,  
Oh, come, let us worship Christ the Lord.
- 2 True God of God,  
True Light of Light,  
Lo, He disdains not the Virgin's womb;  
Very God,  
Begotten, not created:  
Oh, come, let us worship, &c.

3 Sing Halleluiah,  
 Let the courts of Heaven  
 Ring with the Angel-chorus,—  
 Praise the Lord,  
 Glory to God in the highest :  
 Oh, come, let us worship, &c.

4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,  
 Born this happy morning ;  
 Jesus, to Thee be glory giv'n :  
 Word of the Father  
 In our flesh appearing :  
 Oh, come, let us worship, &c.

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## 14.

ST. STEPHEN.

1 **O** CAPTAIN of the Martyr Host !  
 O peerless in renown !  
 Not from the fading flowers of earth  
 Weave we for thee a crown.

2 The stones that smote thee, in thy blood  
 Made glorious and divine,  
 All in a halo, heavenly bright  
 About thy temples shine.

3 The scars upon thy sacred brow  
 Throw beams of glory round :  
 The splendours of thy bruised face  
 The very sun confound.

- 4 Oh, earliest Victim sacrific'd  
 To thy dear Victim Lord!  
 Oh, earliest witness to the Faith  
 Of thy Incarnate God!
- 5 Thou to the heavenly Canaan first  
 Through the Red Sea didst go,  
 And to the Martyrs' countless Host,  
 Their path of glory shew.
- 6 Erewhile a servant of the poor,—  
 Now at the Lamb's high Feast,  
 In blood empurpled robe array'd,  
 A welcome nuptial guest!
- 7 To Jesus, born of Virgin bright,  
 Praise with the Father be;  
 Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,  
 Through all eternity.
- 

## 15. ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

- 1 **T**HE life which God's Incarnate Word  
 Liv'd here below with men,  
 Three blest Evangelists record,  
 With Heav'n-inspired pen:
- 2 John penetrates on eagle wing  
 The Father's dread abode;  
 And shows the mystery wherein  
 The Word subsists with God.



- 3 Pure Saint ! upon his Saviour's breast  
 Invited to recline,  
 'Twas thence he drew, in moments blest,  
 His knowledge all divine :
- 4 There, too, with that angelic love  
 Did he his bosom fill,  
 Which, once enkindled from above,  
 Breathes in his pages still.
- 5 Oh, dear to Christ !—to thee upon  
 His Cross, of all bereft,  
 Thou virgin soul ! the Virgin Son  
 His Virgin Mother left.
- 6 To Jesus, born of Virgin bright,  
 Praise with the Father be ;  
 Praise to the Spirit Paraclete  
 Through all eternity.
- 

## 16.

## HOLY INNOCENTS.

- 1 **L** OVELY flowers of martyrs, hail !  
 Smitten by the tyrant foe  
 On life's threshold,—as the gale  
 Strews the roses ere they blow.
- 2 First to die for Christ, sweet lambs !  
 At the very altar ye,  
 With your fatal crowns and palms,  
 Sport in your simplicity.

- 3 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,  
 Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son !  
 With the Father, and the Spirit,  
 While eternal ages run.
- 

## 17.

## EPIPHANY.

- 1 O CRUEL Herod ! why thus fear  
 Thy King and God, who comes below ?  
 No earthly crown comes He to take,  
 Who heavenly kingdoms doth bestow.
- 2 The wiser Magi see the star,  
 And follow as it leads before ;  
 By its pure ray they seek the Light,  
 And with their gifts that Light adore.
- 3 Behold at length the heavenly Lamb  
 Baptiz'd in Jordan's sacred flood ;  
 There consecrating by his touch  
 Water to cleanse us in his blood.
- 4 But Cana saw her glorious Lord  
 Begin his miracles divine ;  
 When water, reddening at his word,  
 Flow'd forth obedient in wine.
- 5 To Thee, O Jesu, who Thyself  
 Hast to the Gentile world display'd,  
 Praise, with the Father evermore,  
 And with the Holy Ghost, be paid.

## 18.

## EPIPHANY.

- 1 **B**ETHLEHEM ! of noblest cities  
None can once with thee compare  
Thou alone the Lord from Heaven  
Didst for us Incarnate bear.
  - 2 Fairer than the sun at morning  
Was the star that told his birth ;  
To the lands their God announcing,  
Hid beneath a form of earth.
  - 3 By its lambent beauty guided,  
See, the Eastern Kings appear ;  
See them bend, their gifts to offer,—  
Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.
  - 4 Offerings of mystic meaning !—  
Incense doth the God disclose ;  
Gold a royal child proclaimeth ;  
Myrrh a future tomb foreshews.
  - 5 Holy Jesu ! in thy brightness  
To the Gentile world display'd !  
With the Father, and the Spirit,  
Endless praise to Thee be paid.
- 

## 19.

## THE HOLY NAME.

- 1 **J**ESU ! the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills my breast ;  
But sweeter far thy face to see,  
And in thy presence rest.

- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
 Nor can the memory find,  
 A sweeter sound than thy blest name,  
 O Saviour of mankind !
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart,  
 O joy of all the meek,  
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art !  
 How good to those who seek !
- 4 But what to those who find ? ah ! this  
 Nor tongue nor pen can shew :  
 The love of Jesus, what it is,  
 None but his lov'd ones know.
- 5 Jesu ! our only joy be Thou,  
 As Thou our prize wilt be ;  
 Jesu ! be Thou our glory now,  
 And through eternity.

## 20.

## PART II.

- 1 O JESU ! King most wonderful !  
 Thou Conqueror renown'd !  
 Thou Sweetness most ineffable !  
 In whom all joys are found !
- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,  
 Then truth begins to shine ;  
 Then earthly vanities depart ;  
 Then kindles love divine.

- 3 O Jesu ! Light of all below !  
 Thou Fount of life and fire !  
 Surpassing all the joys we know,  
 All that we can desire :
- 4 May every heart confess thy name,  
 And ever Thee adore ;  
 And seeking Thee, itself inflame  
 To seek Thee more and more.
- 5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless ;  
 Thee may we love alone ;  
 And ever in our lives express  
 The image of thine own.
- 

## 21.

## PART III.

- 1 O JESU ! Thou the beauty art  
 Of angel worlds above ;  
 Thy Name is music to the heart,  
 Enchanting it with love.
- 2 Celestial sweetness unalloy'd !  
 Who eat Thee hunger still ;  
 Who drink of Thee still feel a void,  
 Which nought but 'Thou can fill.
- 3 O my sweet Jesu ! hear the sighs  
 Which unto Thee I send ;  
 To Thee mine inmost spirit cries,  
 My being's hope and end !

- 4 Stay with us, Lord, and with thy light  
 Illume the soul's abyss ;  
 Scatter the darkness of our night,  
 And fill the world with bliss.
- 5 O Jesu ! spotless Virgin flower !  
 Our life and joy ! to Thee  
 Be praise, beatitude, and power,  
 Through all eternity.
- 

## 22.

## THE CRUCIFIX.

- 1 O'ERWHELM'D in depths of woe,  
 Upon the Tree of scorn  
 Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,  
 With racking anguish torn.
- 2 See ! how the nails those hands  
 And feet so tender rend ;  
 See ! down his face, and neck, and breast,  
 His sacred Blood descend.
- 3 Hark ! with what awful cry  
 His spirit takes its flight ;  
 That cry, it pierc'd his Mother's heart,  
 And whelm'd her soul in night.
- 4 Earth hears, and to its base  
 Rocks wildly to and fro ;  
 Tombs burst ; seas, rivers, mountains quake ;  
 The veil is rent in two.

- 5 The sun withdraws his light ;  
The midday heavens grow pale ;  
The moon, the stars, the universe,  
Their Maker's death bewail.
- 6 Shall man alone be mute ?  
Come, youth ! and hoary hairs !  
Come, rich and poor ! come, all mankind !  
And bathe those feet in tears.
- 7 Come ! fall before His Cross,  
Who shed for us his blood ;  
Who died the victim of pure love,  
To make us sons of God.
- 1 Jesu ! all praise to Thee,  
Our joy and endless rest !  
Be Thou our guide while pilgrims here,  
Our crown amidst the blest.

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## 23.

### LENT.

- 1 **T**HOU loving Maker of mankind,  
Before thy throne we pray and weep ;  
Oh, strengthen us with grace divine,  
Duly this sacred Lent to keep.
- 2 Searcher of hearts ! Thou dost our ills  
Discern, and all our weakness know :  
Again to Thee with tears we turn ;  
Again to us thy mercy shew.

- 3 Much have we sinn'd ; but we confess  
 Our guilt, and all our faults deplore :  
 Oh, for the praise of thy great Name,  
 Our fainting souls to health restore !
- 4 And grant us, while by fasts we strive  
 This mortal body to control,  
 To fast from all the food of sin,  
 And so to purify the soul.
- 5 Hear us, O Trinity thrice blest !  
 Sole Unity ! to Thee we cry :  
 Vouchsafe us from these fasts below  
 To reap immortal fruit on high.
- 

## 24.

## PASSION SUNDAY.

- 1 FORTH comes the Standard of the King :  
 All hail, thou Mystery ador'd !  
 Hail, Cross ! on which the Life Himself  
 Died, and by death our life restor'd.
- 2 On which our Saviour's holy side,  
 Rent open with a cruel spear,  
 Of blood and water pour'd a stream,  
 To wash us from defilement clear.
- 3 O sacred Wood ! in thee fulfill'd  
 Was holy David's truthful lay ;  
 Which told the world, that from a Tree  
 The Lord should all the nations sway.



- 4 Most royally empurpled o'er,  
 How beauteously thy stem doth shine !  
 How glorious was its lot to touch  
 Those limbs so holy and divine !
- 5 Thrice blest, upon whose arms outstretch'd  
 The Saviour of the world reclin'd ;  
 Balance sublime ! upon whose beam  
 Was weigh'd the ransom of mankind.
- 6 Hail, Cross ! thou only hope of man,  
 Hail, on this holy Passion-day !  
 To saints increase the grace they have ;  
 From sinners purge their guilt away.
- 7 Salvation's spring, blest Trinity,  
 Be praise to Thee through earth and skies :  
 Thou through the Cross the victory  
 Dost give ; oh, also give the prize !
- 

## 25.

GOOD FRIDAY.

- 1 **T**HIS day the wond'rous mystery  
 Is set before our eyes,  
 Of Jesus, stretch'd upon the Cross  
 In dying agonies.
- 2 Oh, deed of love ; the Prince becomes  
 A Victim for his slave ;  
 The sinner an acquittal finds,  
 The innocent a grave.

- 3 Whereof, in many a gory stain,  
The traces still are found  
On yonder Winding Sheet, which wrapp'd  
The sacred body round.
- 4 Hail, trophies of our valiant Chief !  
Hail, proofs of triumph won  
Over the World, and Hell, and Death,  
By God's eternal Son !
- 5 Be these the colours under which  
From this time forth we fight,  
Against the depths of Satan's guile,  
And all the powers of night.
- 6 So, dead to our old life, may we  
A better life begin ;  
And through the Cross of Christ at length  
His Heavenly Crown attain.
- 7 Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;  
Hear us, coequal Son !  
Who reignest with the Holy Ghost  
While ceaseless ages run.
- 

## 26.

## THE WINDING SHEET.

- 1 **J**ESU ! as though Thyself wert here,  
I draw in trembling sorrow near ;  
And hanging o'er thy form divine,  
Kneel down to kiss these wounds of thine.

- 2 Ah me, how naked art Thou laid !  
 Bloodstain'd, distended, cold, and dead !  
 Joy of my soul—my Saviour sweet,  
 Upon this sacred Winding Sheet !
- 3 Hail, awful brow ! hail, thorny wreath !  
 Hail, countenance now pale in death !  
 Whose glance but late so brightly blaz'd,  
 That Angels trembled as they gaz'd.
- 4 And hail to thee, my Saviour's side ;  
 And hail to thee, thou wound so wide ;  
 Thou wound more ruddy than the rose,  
 True antidote of all our woes !
- 5 Oh, by those sacred hands and feet  
 For me so mangled ! I entreat,  
 My Jesu, turn me not away,  
 But let me here for ever stay.

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 27.

## PASSION SUNDAY.

- 1 SING, my tongue, the Saviour's glory  
 Tell his triumph far and wide ;  
 Tell aloud the famous story  
 Of his Body crucified ;  
 How upon the Cross a Victim,  
 Vanquishing in death, He died.
- 2 Eating of the Tree forbidden,  
 Man had sunk in Satan's snare,

When our pitying Creator  
 Did this second Tree prepare ;  
 Destin'd, many ages later,  
 That first evil to repair.

3 Such the order God appointed  
 When for sin He would atone ;  
 To the Serpent thus opposing  
 Schemes yet deeper than his own ;  
 Thence the remedy procuring,  
 Whence the fatal wound had come.

4 So when now at length the fulness  
 Of the sacred time drew nigh,  
 Then the Son, the world's Creator,  
 Left his Father's throne on high ;  
 From a Virgin's womb appearing,  
 Cloth'd in our mortality.

5 All within a lowly manger,  
 Lo, a tender babe He lies !  
 See his gentle Virgin mother  
 Lull to sleep his infant cries !  
 While the limbs of God Incarnate  
 Round with swathing bands she ties.

6 Blessing, honour everlasting,  
 To the immortal Deity ;  
 To the Father, Son, and Spirit,  
 Equal praises ever be ;  
 Glory through the earth and heaven  
 To Trinity in Unity.

- 1     **T**HUS did Christ to perfect manhood  
       In our mortal flesh attain :  
       Then of his free choice He goeth  
       To a death of bitter pain ;  
       And as a lamb, upon the altar  
       Of the cross, for us is slain.
  
- 2     Lo, with gall his thirst He quenches !  
       See the thorns upon his brow !  
       Nails his tender flesh are rending !  
       See, his side is open'd now !  
       Whence, to cleanse the whole creation,  
       Streams of blood and water flow.
  
- 3     Lofty Tree, bend down thy branches,  
       To embrace thy sacred load ;  
       Oh, relax the native tension  
       Of that all too rigid wood ;  
       Gently, gently bear the members  
       Of thy dying King and God.
  
- 4     Tree, which solely wast found worthy  
       The world's great Victim to sustain ;  
       Harbour from the raging tempest !  
       Ark that sav'd the world again !  
       Tree, with sacred Blood anointed  
       Of the Lamb for sinners slain.

- 5 Blessing, honour everlasting,  
     To the immortal Deity ;  
 To the Father, Son, and Spirit,  
     Equal praises ever be :  
 Glory through the earth and Heaven  
     To Trinity in Unity.
- 

## 29.

## EASTER.

- 1 **N**OW at the Lamb's high royal feast  
     In robes of saintly white we sing,  
 Through the Red Sea in safety brought  
     By Jesus our immortal King.
- 2 O depth of love ! for us he drinks  
     The chalice of his agony ;  
 For us a Victim on the Cross  
     He meekly lays Him down to die.
- 3 And as the avenging Angel pass'd  
     Of old the blood-besprinkled door ;  
 As the cleft sea a passage gave,  
     Then clos'd to whelm th' Egyptians o'er :
- 4 So Christ, our Paschal Sacrifice,  
     Has brought us safe all perils through ;  
 While for unleaven'd bread we need  
     But heart sincere and purpose true.
- 5 Hail, purest Victim Heaven could find,  
     The powers of Hell to overthrow !  
 Who didst the chains of Death destroy ;  
     Who dost the prize of Life bestow.

- 6 Hail, victor Christ ! hail, risen King !  
 To Thee alone belongs the crown ;  
 Who hast the heavenly gates unbarr'd,  
 And dragg'd the Prince of darkness down.
- 7 O Jesu ! from the death of sin  
 Keep us, we pray ; so shalt Thou be  
 The everlasting Paschal joy  
 Of all the souls new-born in Thee.
- 8 Now to the Father, and the Son,  
 Who rose from death, be glory given ;  
 With Thee, O holy Comforter,  
 Henceforth by all in earth and Heaven.
- 

## 30.

## EASTER.

- 1 **T**HE dawn was purpling o'er the sky ;  
 With alleluias rang the air ;  
 Earth held a glorious jubilee ;  
 Hell gnash'd its teeth in fierce despair :
- 2 When our most valiant mighty King  
 From death's abyss, in dread array,  
 Led the long-prison'd Fathers forth,  
 Into the beam of life and day :
- 3 When He, whom stone, and seal, and guard,  
 Had safely to the tomb consign'd,  
 Triumphant rose, and buried Death  
 Deep in the grave He left behind.

- 4 "Calm all your grief, and still your tears ;"  
     Hark ! the descending angel cries ;  
 "For Christ is risen from the dead,  
     And Death is slain, no more to rise."
- 5 O Jesu ! from the death of sin  
     Keep us, we pray ; so shalt Thou be  
 The everlasting Paschal joy  
     Of all the souls new-born in Thee.
- 6 Now to the Father, and the Son  
     Who rose from death, be glory given ;  
 With Thee, O holy Comforter !  
     Henceforth by all in earth and Heaven.
- 

## 31.

## THE ASCENSION.

- 1 O THOU pure light of souls that love,  
     True joy of every human breast,  
 Sower of life's immortal seed,  
     Our Maker, and Redeemer blest !
- 2 What wondrous pity Thee o'ercame,  
     To make our guilty load thine own,  
 And, sinless, suffer death and shame,  
     For our transgressions to atone !
- 3 Thou, bursting Hades open wide,  
     Didst all the captive souls unchain ;  
 And thence to thy dread Father's side  
     With glorious pomp ascend again.



- 4 Jesu ! may pity Thee compel  
 To heal the wounds of which we die ;  
 And take us in thy light to dwell,  
 Who for thy blissful Presence sigh.
- 5 Be Thou our guide, be Thou our goal ;  
 Be Thou our pathway to the skies ;  
 Our joy, when sorrow fills the soul ;  
 In death our everlasting prize.
- 

## 32.

## WHIT-SUNDAY.

- 1 COME, O Creator Spirit blest !  
 And in our souls take up thy rest ;  
 Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,  
 To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.
- 2 Great Paraclete ! to Thee we cry :  
 O highest gift of God most high !  
 O fount of life ! O fire of love !  
 And sweet Anointing from above !
- 3 Thou in thy sevenfold gifts art known ;  
 Thee Finger of God's hand we own ;  
 The promise of the Father Thou !  
 Who dost the tongue with pow'r endow.
- 4 Kindle our senses from above,  
 And make our hearts o'erflow with love :  
 With patience firm, and virtue high,  
 The weakness of our flesh supply.

- 5 Far from us drive the foe we dread,  
And grant us thy true peace instead;  
So shall we not, with Thee for guide,  
Turn from the path of life aside.
- 6 O may thy grace on us bestow,  
The Father and the Son to know,  
And Thee through endless times confess'd  
Of Both th' Eternal Spirit blest.
- 7 All glory while the ages run  
Be to the Father, and the Son  
Who rose from death; the same to Thee,  
O Holy Ghost, eternally.
- 

## 33.

## TRINITY-SUNDAY.

- 1 **N**OW doth the fiery sun decline :—  
Thou, Unity eternal! shine;  
Thou, Trinity, thy blessings pour,  
And make our hearts with love run o'er.
- 2 Thee in the hymns of morn we praise;  
To Thee our voice at eve we raise;  
Oh, grant us, with thy Saints on high,  
Thee through all time to glorify.
- 3 Praise to the Father, with the Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;  
As ever was in ages past,  
And shall be so while ages last.

## 34.

TRINITY-SUNDAY.

- 1 **O** THOU eternal Source of love !  
 Ruler of nature's scheme !  
 In Substance One, in Persons Three !  
 Omniscient and Supreme !
  - 2 Be nigh to us when we arise ;  
 And, at the break of day,  
 With wakening body wake the soul,  
 Her meed of praise to pay.
  - 3 To God the Father glory be,  
 And to his only Son ;  
 The same, O Holy Ghost ! to Thee,  
 While ceaseless ages run.
- 

## 35.

TRINITY-SUNDAY.

- 1 **O** THOU ! who dost all nature sway,  
 Dread Trinity in Unity !  
 Accept the trembling praise we pour  
 To thy eternal Majesty.
- 2 The star that heralds in the morn  
 Is slowly fading in the skies ;  
 The darkness melts ;—O Thou true light !  
 Upon our darken'd souls arise.
- 3 To God the Father glory be,  
 And to his sole-begotten Son ;  
 The same, O Holy Ghost ! to Thee,  
 While everlasting ages run.

## 36.

## FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI.

- 1 SING, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,  
 Of his Flesh the mystery sing;  
 Of the Blood, all price exceeding,  
 Shed by our immortal King,  
 Destin'd, for the world's redemption,  
 From a noble womb to spring.
- 2 Of a pure and spotless Virgin  
 Born for us on earth below,  
 He, as Man with man conversing,  
 Stay'd, the seeds of truth to sow;  
 Then He clos'd in solemn order  
 Wondrously his life of woe.
- 3 On the night of that Last Supper,  
 Seated with his chosen band,  
 He the paschal victim eating,  
 First fulfils the Law's command;  
 Then, as Food to all his brethren  
 Gives Himself with his own hand.
- 4 Word made Flesh, the bread of nature  
 By his word to Flesh He turns;  
 Wine into his Blood He changes:—  
 What though sense no change discerns?  
 Only be the heart in earnest,  
 Faith her lesson quickly learns.

[Tantum ergo sacramentum.]

- 5 Down in adoration falling,  
     Lo ! the sacred Host we hail ;  
 Lo ! o'er ancient forms departing,  
     Newer rites of grace prevail ;  
 Faith, for all defects supplying,  
     Where the feeble senses fail.
- 6 To the Everlasting Father,  
     And the Son who reigns on high,  
 With the Holy Ghost proceeding  
     Forth from Each eternally,  
 Be salvation, honour, blessing,  
     Might, and endless majesty.
- 

## 37.

## CORPUS CHRISTI.

- 1 **T**HE Word, descending from above,  
     Though with the Father still on high,  
 Went forth upon his work of love,  
     And soon to life's last eve drew nigh.
- 2 He shortly to a death accurs'd  
     By a disciple shall be given ;  
 But to his twelve disciples first  
     He gives Himself, the Bread from Heaven.
- 3 Himself in either kind He gave ;  
     He gave his Flesh, He gave his Blood ;  
 Of flesh and blood all men are made ;  
     And He of man would be the Food.

- 4 At birth, our brother He became ;  
     At board, Himself as food He gives ;  
 To ransom us He died in shame ;  
     As our reward, in bliss He lives.

[O salutaris Hostia.]

- 5 O saving Victim ! opening wide  
     The gate of Heaven to man below !  
 Our foes press on from every side ;—  
     Thine aid supply, thy strength bestow.
- 6 To thy great Name be endless praise,  
     Immortal Godhead, One in Three !  
 Oh, grant us endless length of days,  
     In our true native land, with Thee !
- 

### 38. FEAST OF THE MOST SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

- 1 **J**ESU, Creator of the world !  
     Of all mankind Redeemer blest !  
 True God of God ! in whom we see  
     The Father's Image clear express'd !
- 2 Thee, Saviour, love alone constrain'd  
     To make our mortal flesh thine own ;  
 And as a second Adam come,  
     For the first Adam to atone.

- 3 That self-same love, which made the sky,  
Which made the sea, and stars, and earth,  
Took pity on our misery,  
And broke the bondage of our birth.
- 4 O Jesu ! in thy heart divine  
May that same love for ever glow ;  
For ever mercy to mankind  
From that exhaustless fountain flow.
- 5 For this, thy sacred heart was pierc'd,  
And both with blood and water ran ;  
To cleanse us from the stains of guilt,  
And be the hope and strength of man.
- 6 To God the Father, and the Son,  
All praise, and power, and glory be ;  
With Thee, O holy Comforter,  
Henceforth through all eternity.
- 

### 39. ANOTHER OFFICE OF THE SAME FEAST.

- 1 **A**LL ye who seek a certain cure  
In trouble and distress,  
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,  
Or guilt the soul oppress :
- 2 Jesus, who gave himself for you  
Upon the Cross to die,  
Opens to you his sacred Heart,—  
Oh, to that Heart draw nigh !
- c 6

- 3 Ye hear how kindly He invites ;  
 Ye hear his words so blest ;—  
 “ All ye that labour, come to Me,  
 And I will give you rest.”
- 4 What meeker than the Saviour’s Heart ?—  
 As on the Cross He lay,  
 It did his murderers forgive,  
 And for their pardon pray.
- 5 O Heart ! thou joy of saints on high !  
 Thou Hope of sinners here !  
 Attracted by those loving words,  
 To Thee I lift my prayer.
- 6 Wash Thou my wounds in that dear Blood  
 Which forth from Thee doth flow ;  
 New grace, new hope inspire ; a new  
 And better heart bestow.

40.

ST. JOSEPH.

- 1 JOSEPH ! our certain hope of life !  
 Glory of earth and Heaven !  
 Thou Pillar of the world ! to thee  
 Be praise eternal given.
- 2 Thee, as Salvation’s minister,  
 The mighty Maker chose ;  
 As Foster-father of the Word ;  
 As Mary’s spotless Spouse.



- 3 With joy thou sawest Him new born,  
 Of whom the Prophets sang;  
 Him in a manger didst adore,  
 From whom Creation sprang.
- 4 The Lord of lords, and King of kings,  
 Ruler of sky and sea,  
 Whom Heaven, and Earth, and Hell obey,  
 Was subject unto thee.
- 5 Blest Trinity! vouchsafe to us,  
 Through Joseph's merits high,  
 To mount the Heavenly seats, and reign  
 With him eternally.
- 

# 41. FEAST OF THE SEVEN DOLOURS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

- 1 **A**T the Cross her station keeping,  
 Stood the mournful Mother weeping,  
 Close to Jesus to the last:  
 Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,  
 All his bitter anguish bearing,  
 Now at length the sword had pass'd.
- 2 Oh, how sad and sore distress'd  
 Was that Mother highly blest  
 Of the sole-begotten One!  
 Christ above in torment hangs;  
 She beneath beholds the pangs  
 Of her dying glorious Son.

- 3 Is there one who would not weep,  
 Whelm'd in miseries so deep  
 Christ's dear Mother to behold?  
 Can the human heart refrain  
 From partaking in her pain,  
 In that Mother's pain untold?
- 4 Bruis'd, derided, curs'd, defil'd,  
 She beheld her tender Child  
 All with bloody scourges rent;  
 For the sins of his own nation,  
 Saw Him hang in desolation,  
 Till his Spirit forth He sent.
- 5 O thou Mother! fount of love!  
 Touch my spirit from above,  
 Make my heart with thine accord:  
 Make me feel as thou hast felt;  
 Make my soul to glow and melt  
 With the love of Christ my Lord.
- 

## 42.

## PART II.

- 1 **H**OLY Mother! pierce me through;  
 In my heart each wound renew  
 Of my Saviour crucified;  
 Let me share with thee His pain,  
 Who for all my sins was slain,  
 Who for me in torments died.

- 2 Let me mingle tears with thee,  
Mourning Him who mourn'd for me,  
All the days that I may live :  
By the Cross with thee to stay ;  
There with thee to weep and pray ;  
Is all I ask of thee to give.
- 

## 43.

## PART III.

- 1 VIRGIN of all virgins best !  
Listen to my fond request :  
Let me share thy grief divine ;  
Let me, to my latest breath,  
In my body bear the death  
Of that dying Son of thine.
- 2 Wounded with his every wound,  
Steep my soul till it hath swoon'd  
In his very blood away ;  
Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,  
Lest in flames I burn and die,  
In his awful Judgment day.
- 3 Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,  
Be thy Mother my defence,  
Be thy Cross my victory ;  
While my body here decays,  
May my soul thy goodness praise,  
Safe in Paradise with Thee.

## 44. ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL.

- 1 O JESU ! life-spring of the soul !  
The Father's Power, and Glory bright !  
Thee with the Angels we extol ;  
From Thee they draw their life and light.
  - 2 Thy thousand thousand hosts are spread,  
Embattled o'er the azure sky ;  
But Michael bears thy standard dread,  
And lifts the mighty Cross on high.
  - 3 He in that Sign the rebel powers  
Did with their Dragon Prince expel ;  
And hurl'd them from the Heaven's high  
towers,  
Down like a thunderbolt to hell.
  - 4 Grant us with Michael still, O Lord,  
Against the Prince of Pride to fight ;  
So may a crown be our reward,  
Before the Lamb's pure throne of light.
  - 5 Now to the Father, and the Son,  
Who rose from death, all glory be ;  
With Thee, O holy Comforter,  
Henceforth through all eternity.
- [WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF THE ASCENSION.]
- 6 Glory to Jesus, who returns  
In pomp triumphant to the sky,  
With Thee, O Father, and with Thee,  
O Holy Ghost, eternally.

# 45. THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY THE HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

- 1 **M**OTHER of our Lord and Saviour!  
First in beauty as in power!  
Glory of the Christian nations!  
Ready help in trouble's hour!
- 2 Though the gates of Hell against us  
With profoundest fury rage;  
Though the ancient Foe assault us,  
And his fiercest battle wage;
- 3 Nought can hurt the pure in spirit,  
Who upon thine aid rely;  
At thy hand secure of gaining  
Strength and mercy from on high.
- 4 Safe beneath thy mighty shelter,—  
Though a thousand hosts combine,  
All must fall or flee before us,  
Scatter'd by an arm divine.
- 5 Firm as once on holy Sion,  
David's tower rear'd its height;  
With a glorious rampart girded,  
And with glistening armour bright:
- 6 So th' Almighty's Virgin Mother  
Stands in strength for evermore;  
From Satanic hosts defending  
All who her defence implore.

- 7 Through the everlasting ages,  
 Blessed Trinity to Thee!  
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!  
 Praise and endless glory be.
- 

## 46.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

- 1 **O** BLESSED Saint, of snow-white purity!  
 Dweller in wastes forlorn!  
 O mightiest of the Martyr host on high!  
 Greatest of Prophets born!
- 2 Of all the diadems that on the brows  
 Of Saints in glory shine,  
 Not one with brighter, purer halo glows,  
 In Heaven's high Court, than thine.
- 3 Oh! upon us thy tender pitying gaze  
 Cast down from thy dread throne;  
 Straighten our crooked, smooth our rugged  
 And break our hearts of stone. [ways,
- 4 So may the world's Redeemer find us meet  
 To offer Him a place,  
 Where he may set his ever-blessed feet,  
 Coming with gifts of grace.
- 5 Praise in the Heavens to Thee, O First and  
 The Trine eternal God! [Last,  
 Spare, Jesu, spare thy people, whom Thou  
 Redeem'd with thine own blood. [hast

## 47.

## ST. MARY MAGDALENE.

- 1 **F**ATHER of lights ! one glance of Thine,  
Whose eyes the Universe control,  
Fills Magdalene with holy love,  
And melts the ice within her soul.
  - 2 Her precious ointment forth she brings,  
Upon those sacred feet to pour ;  
She washes them with burning tears ;  
And with her hair she wipes them o'er.
  - 3 Impassion'd to the Cross she clings ;  
Nor fears beside the tomb to stay ;  
Of ruffian soldiers nought she recks,  
For love has cast all fear away.
  - 4 O Christ, thou very love itself !  
Blest hope of man, through Thee forgiven !  
So touch our spirits from above,  
And purify our souls for Heaven.
  - 5 To God the Father, and the Son,  
With Thee, O Spirit, glory be ;  
As ever was, and shall be so  
Through ages of eternity.
- 

## 48.

## THE TRANSFIGURATION.

- 1 **A**LL ye who seek, in hope and love,  
For your dear Lord, look up above !  
Where, trac'd upon the azure sky,  
Faith may a glorious form descry.

- 2 Lo! on the trembling verge of light  
A something all divinely bright!  
Immortal, infinite, sublime!  
Older than chaos, space, or time!
- 3 Hail, Thou, the Gentiles' mighty Lord!  
All hail, O Israel's King ador'd!  
To Abraham sworn in ages past,  
And to his seed while earth shall last.
- 4 To Thee the prophets witness bear;  
Of Thee the Father doth declare,  
That all who would his glory see,  
Must hear and must believe in Thee.
- 5 To Jesus, from the proud conceal'd,  
But evermore to babes reveal'd,  
All glory with the Father be,  
And Holy Ghost, eternally.
- 

## 49.

## THE TRANSFIGURATION.

- 1 **L**IGHT of the soul, O Saviour blest!  
Soon as thy presence fills the breast,  
Darkness and guilt are put to flight,  
And all is sweetness and delight.
- 2 Son of the Father! Lord most high!  
How glad is he who feels Thee nigh!  
How sweet in Heaven thy beam doth glow,  
Denied to eye of flesh below!



- 3 O Light of Light celestial !  
 O Charity ineffable !  
 Come in thy hidden majesty ;  
 Fill us with love, fill us with Thee.
- 4 To Jesus, from the proud conceal'd,  
 But evermore to babes reveal'd,  
 All glory with the Father be,  
 And Holy Ghost, eternally.
- 

50. FEAST OF THE SEVEN DOLOURS OF THE  
 BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

- 1 **W**HAT a sea of tears and sorrow  
 Did the soul of Mary toss  
 To and fro upon its billows,  
 While she wept her bitter loss ;  
 In her arms her Jesus holding,  
 Torn but newly from the Cross !
- 2 O that mournful Virgin Mother !  
 See her tears how fast they flow  
 Down upon his mangled body,  
 Wounded side, and thorny brow ;  
 While his hands and feet she kisses,—  
 Picture of immortal woe !
- 3 Oft and oft his arms and bosom  
 Fondly straining to her own ;  
 Oft her pallid lips imprinting  
 On each wound of her dear Son ;  
 Till at last, in swoons of anguish,  
 Sense and consciousness are gone.

- 4 Gentle Mother, we beseech thee,  
 By thy tears and trouble sore ;  
 By the death of thy dear Offspring ;  
 By the bloody wounds he bore ;  
 Touch our hearts with that true sorrow  
 Which afflicted thee of yore.
- 5 To the Father everlasting,  
 And the Son, who reigns on high,  
 With the coeternal Spirit,  
 Trinity in Unity,  
 Be salvation, honour, blessing,  
 Now and through eternity.
- 

51. FEAST OF THE SEVEN DOLOURS OF THE  
 BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

- 1 GOD in whom all grace doth dwell !  
 Grant us grace to ponder well  
 On the Virgin's Dolours seven ;  
 On the wounds to Jesus given.
- 2 May the tears which Mary pour'd  
 Gain us pardon of the Lord ;—  
 Tears sufficient in their worth  
 To wash out the guilt of earth.
- 3 May the contemplation sore  
 Of the five wounds Jesus bore,  
 Source to us of blessings be,  
 Through a long eternity.

- 4 Glory be to Him, who died  
For his servants crucified ;  
Honour, praise, eternal merit,  
To the Father and the Spirit.
- 

## 52. FEAST OF THE MOST HOLY GUARDIAN ANGELS.

- 1 **R**ULER of the dread immense !  
Maker of this mighty frame !  
Whose eternal Providence  
Governs and upholds the same !
- 2 Low before thy face we bend ;  
Hear our supplicating cries ;  
And thy light eternal send,  
With the freshly dawning skies.
- 3 King of Kings ! and Lord most high !  
This of thy dear love we pray,—  
May thy Guardian Angel nigh  
Keep us from all sin this day.
- 4 May he crush the deadly wiles  
Of the envious Serpent's art,  
Ever spreading cunning toils,  
Round about the thoughtless heart.
- 5 May he scatter ruthless war,  
Ere to this our shore it come ;  
Plague and famine drive afar ;  
Fix securely peace at home.

- 6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 Everlasting Trinity!  
 Guard by thy Angelic host,  
 Us, who put our trust in Thee.
- 

53. FEAST OF THE MATERNITY OF THE  
 BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

- 1 THE Saviour left high Heaven to dwell  
 Within the Virgin's womb;  
 And there array'd Himself in flesh,  
 Our Victim to become.
- 2 She unto us divinely bore  
 Salvation's King and God;  
 Who died for us upon the Cross,  
 Who saves us in his blood:
- 3 She too our joyful hope shall be,  
 And drive away all fears;  
 Offering for us to her dear Son  
 Our contrite sighs and tears.
- 4 That Son—He hears his Mother's prayer,  
 And grants, ere it be said;  
 Be ours to love her, and invoke  
 In every strait her aid.
- 5 All glory to the Trinity,  
 While endless times proceed;  
 Who in that bosom pure of stain  
 Sow'd such immortal seed.

54. FEAST OF THE MATERNITY OF THE  
BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

- 1 **M**OTHER of Almighty God !  
Suppliant at thy feet we pray ;  
Shelter us from Satan's fraud,  
Safe beneath thy wing this day.
  - 2 'Twas by reason of our Fall,  
In our first Forefather's crime,  
That the mighty Lord of all  
Rais'd thee to thy rank sublime.
  - 3 Oh ! then upon Adam's race  
Look thou with a pitying eye ;  
And entreat of Jesus grace,  
Till He lay his anger by.
  - 4 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,  
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son !  
With the Father and the Spirit,  
While eternal ages run.
- 

55. FEAST OF THE PURITY OF THE BLESSED  
VIRGIN MARY.

- 1 **B**LEST Guardian of all virgin souls !  
Portal of bliss to man forgiven !  
Pure Mother of Almighty God !  
Thou hope of earth, and joy of Heaven !

- 2 Fair Lily, found amid the thorns !  
 Most beauteous Dove with wings of gold !  
 Rod from whose tender root there sprang  
 That healing Flower long since foretold !
- 3 Thou Tower, against the dragon proof !  
 Thou Star, to storm-toss'd voyagers dear !  
 Our course lies o'er a treacherous deep ;  
 Thine be the light by which we steer.
- 4 Scatter the mists that round us hang ;  
 Keep far the fatal shoals away ;  
 And while through darkling waves we sweep,  
 Open a path to life and day.
- 5 O Jesu, born of Virgin bright !  
 Immortal glory be to Thee ;  
 Praise to the Father infinite,  
 And Holy Ghost eternally.
- 

## 56. FEAST OF THE PURITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

- 1 **S**TAR of Jacob, ever beaming  
 With a radiance all divine !  
 'Mid the stars of highest Heaven  
 Glows no purer ray than thine.
- 2 All in stoles of snowy brightness,  
 Unto thee the Angels sing ;  
 Unto Thee the virgin choirs,—  
 Mother of th' eternal King !

- 3 Joyful in thy path they scatter  
 Roses white and lilies fair ;  
 Yet with thy chaste bosom's whiteness,  
 Rose nor lily may compare.
- 4 Oh ! that this low earth of ours,  
 Answering th' angelic strain,  
 With thy praises might re-echo,  
 Till the Heavens replied again.
- 5 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,  
 Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son !  
 With the Father and the Spirit,  
 While eternal ages run.
- 

## 57. FEAST OF ST. RAPHAEL THE ARCHANGEL.

- 1 JESU, brightness of the Father !  
 Life and strength of all who live !  
 In the presence of the Angels,  
 Glory to thy name we give ;  
 And thy wondrous praise rehearse,  
 Singing in alternate verse.
- 2 Hail, too, ye angelic powers !  
 Hail, ye thrones celestial !  
 Hail, Physician of Salvation !  
 Guide of life, blest Raphael !  
 Who, the Foe of all mankind  
 Didst in links of iron bind.

- 3 Oh, may Christ, by thy protection,  
 Shelter us from harm this day;  
 Keep us pure in flesh and spirit;  
 Save us from the enemy;  
 And vouchsafe us, of his grace,  
 In his Paradise a place.
- 4 Glory to th' Almighty Father,  
 Sing we now in anthems sweet;  
 Glory to the great Redeemer;  
 Glory to the Paraclete;  
 Three in One, and One in Three,  
 Throughout all eternity.
- 

## 58.

## FEAST OF ALL SAINTS.

- 1 O CHRIST, thy guilty people spare!  
 Lo, kneeling at thy gracious throne,  
 Thy Virgin Mother pours her prayer,  
 Imploring pardon for her own.
- 2 Ye Angels, happy evermore!  
 Who in your circles nine ascend,  
 As ye have guarded us before,  
 So still from harm our steps defend.
- 3 Ye Prophets, and Apostles high!  
 Behold our penitential tears;  
 And plead for us when death is nigh,  
 And our all-searching Judge appears.



- 4 Ye Martyrs all ! a purple band,  
And Confessors, a white-robed train ;  
Oh, call us to our native land,  
From this our exile, back again.
- 5 And ye, O choirs of Virgins chaste !  
Receive us to your seats on high ;  
With hermits whom the desert waste  
Sent up of old into the sky.
- 6 Drive from the flock, O Spirits blest !  
The false and faithless race away ;  
That all within one fold may rest,  
Secure beneath one Shepherd's sway.
- 7 To God the Father glory be,  
And to his sole-begotten Son ;  
The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
While everlasting ages run.
- 

## 59.

## FEAST OF ALL SAINTS.

- 1 GIVER of life, eternal Lord !  
Thy own redeem'd defend ;  
Mother of Grace ! thy children save,  
And help them to the end.
- 2 Ye thousand thousand Angel Hosts !  
Assist us in our need ;  
Ye Patriarchs ! with the Prophet Choir !  
For our forgiveness plead.

- 3 Herald of Christ ! and Thou who still  
Dost Heaven's dread keys retain !  
Ye glorious Apostles all !  
Unloose our guilty chain.
- 4 Army of Martyrs ! holy Priests  
In beauteous array !  
Ye happy troops of Virgins chaste !  
Wash all our sins away.
- 5 All ye who high above the stars  
In heavenly glory reign !  
May we, through your blest prayers, the gifts  
Of endless life obtain.
- 6 Praise, honour, to the Father be,  
Praise to his only Son :  
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,  
While ceaseless ages run.
- 

## HYMNS

ON THE FESTIVALS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN  
MARY THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

60.

*Ave maris stella.*

- 1 Gentle Star of ocean !  
Portal of the sky !  
Ever Virgin Mother  
Of the Lord most High !

- 2 Oh ! by Gabriel's Ave,  
Utter'd long ago,  
Eva's name reversing,  
Stablish peace below.
- 3 Break the captive's fetters ;  
Light on blindness pour ;  
All our ills expelling,  
Every bliss implore.
- 4 Shew thyself a Mother ;  
Offer Him our sighs,  
Who for us Incarnate  
Did not thee despise.
- 5 Virgin of all Virgins !  
To thy shelter take us ;  
Gentlest of the gentle !  
Chaste and gentle make us.
- 6 Still as on we journey,  
Help our weak endeavour ;  
Till with thee and Jesus  
We rejoice for ever.
- 7 ' Through the highest Heaven,  
To the Almighty Three,  
Father, Son, and Spirit,  
One same glory be.

61.

*Quem terra, pontus, sidera.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, whom earth, and sea, and sky,  
With one adoring voice proclaim;  
Who rules them all in majesty;  
Enclos'd Himself in Mary's frame.
  - 2 Lo! in a humble Virgin's womb,  
O'ershadowed by almighty power;  
He whom the stars, and sun, and moon,  
Each serve in their appointed hour.
  - 3 O Mother blest! to whom was given  
Within thy body to contain  
The Architect of earth and Heaven,  
Whose hands the universe sustain:
  - 4 To thee was sent an Angel down;  
In thee the Spirit was enshrin'd;  
Of thee was born that Mighty One,  
The long-desir'd of all mankind.
  - 5 O Jesu! born of Virgin bright,  
Immortal glory be to Thee;  
Praise to the Father infinite,  
And Holy Ghost eternally.
- 

62.

*O gloriosa Virginum.*

- 1 **O** QUEEN of all the Virgin Choir!  
Enthron'd above the starry sky!  
Who with pure milk from thy own breast  
Thy own Creator didst supply.

- 2 What man had lost in hapless Eve,  
 Thy sacred womb to man restores ;  
 Thou to the wretched here beneath  
 Hast open'd Heaven's eternal doors.
- 3 Hail, O refulgent Hall of light !  
 Hail, Gate sublime of Heaven's high King !  
 Through Thee redeem'd to endless life,  
 Thy praise let all the nations sing.
- 4 O Jesu ! born of Virgin bright,  
 Immortal glory be to Thee ;  
 Praise to the Father infinite,  
 And Holy Ghost eternally.
- 

63. AT TERCE, SEXT, NONE, AND COMPLINE.  
*Memento rerum Conditor.*

- 1 **R**EMEMBER, O Creator Lord !  
 That in the Virgin's sacred womb,  
 Thou wast conceiv'd, and of her flesh  
 Didst our mortality assume.
- 2 Mother of grace, O Mary blest !  
 To thee, sweet fount of love, we fly ;  
 Shield us through life, and take us hence  
 To thy dear bosom, when we die.
- 3 O Jesu ! born of Virgin bright,  
 Immortal glory be to Thee ;  
 Praise to the Father infinite,  
 And Holy Ghost eternally.

## 64. COMMON OF APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS.

- 1 NOW let the earth with joy resound,  
And highest Heaven re-echo round ;  
Nor Heaven nor earth too high can raise  
The great Apostles' glorious praise.
- 2 O ye who, thron'd in glory dread,  
Shall judge the living and the dead !  
Lights of the world for evermore !  
To you the suppliant prayer we pour.
- 3 Ye close the sacred gates on high ;  
At your command apart they fly :  
Oh ! loose us from the guilty chain  
We strive to break, and strive in vain.
- 4 Sickness and health your voice obey ;  
At your command they go or stay ;  
Oh, then from sin our souls restore ;  
Increase our virtues more and more.
- 5 So when the world is at its end,  
And Christ to Judgment shall descend,  
May we be call'd those joys to see  
Prepar'd from all eternity.
- 6 Praise to the Father, with the Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One ;  
As ever was in ages past,  
And shall be so while ages last.

## 65. COMMON OF APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS.

- 1     **T**HE Lord's eternal gifts,  
       Th' Apostles' mighty praise.  
 Their victories, and high reward  
       Sing we in joyful lays.
  - 2     Lords of the Churches they ;  
       Triumphant Chiefs of war ;  
 Brave Soldiers of the Heavenly Court ;  
       True lights for evermore.
  - 3     Theirs was the Saints' high Faith ;  
       And quenchless Hope's pure glow ;  
 And perfect Charity, which laid  
       The world's fell tyrant low.
  - 4     In them the Father shone ;  
       In them the Son o'ercame ;  
 In them the Holy Spirit wrought,  
       And fill'd their hearts with flame.
  - 5     To God, the Father, Son,  
       And Spirit, glory be ;  
 As was, and is, and shall be so,  
       Through all eternity.
- 

## 66. OF APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS DURING EASTER.

- 1     **W**HEN Christ, by his own servants slain,  
       Had died upon the bitter Cross.  
 Th' Apostles, of their joy bereft,  
       Were weeping their dear Saviour's loss:—

- 2 Meanwhile an Angel at the tomb  
     To holy women had foretold,  
     “ The faithful flock shall soon with joy  
     The Lord in Galilee behold.”
  
  - 3 Who, as they run the news to bring,  
     Lo, straightway Christ himself they meet,  
     All radiant with heavenly light,  
     And falling, clasp his sacred feet.
  
  - 4 To Galilee's lone mountain heights  
     The Apostolic band retire :  
     There, blest with their dear Saviour's sight,  
     They taste in full their soul's desire.
  
  - 5 O Jesu ! from the death of sin  
     Keep us, we pray ; so shalt Thou be  
     The everlasting Paschal joy  
     Of all the souls new-born in Thee.
  
  - 6 Now to the Father, and the Son  
     Who rose from death, be glory given ;  
     With Thee, O holy Comforter !  
     Henceforth by all in earth and Heaven.
- [WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF THE ASCENSION.]
- 7 Glory to Jesus, who returns  
     In pomp triumphant to the sky,  
     With Thee, O Father, and with Thee,  
     O Holy Ghost, eternally.



## 67.

## OF ONE MARTYR.

- 1 O THOU, of all thy warriors Lord,  
Thyself the crown, and sure reward ;  
Set us from sinful fetters free,  
Who sing thy Martyr's victory.
  - 2 In selfish pleasures' worldly round  
The taste of bitter gall he found ;  
But sweet to him was thy blest Name,  
And thus to heavenly joys he came.
  - 3 Right manfully his cross he bore,  
And ran his race of torments sore :  
For Thee he pour'd his life away ;  
With Thee he lives in endless day.
  - 4 We, then, before Thee bending low,  
Intreat Thee, Lord, thy love to shew  
On this the day thy Martyr died,  
Who in thy Saints art glorified !
  - 5 Now to the Father, and the Son,  
Be glory while the ages run ;  
The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee !  
Through ages of eternity.
- 

## 68.

## OF MANY MARTYRS.

- 1 O THOU, the Martyrs' glorious King !  
Of Confessors the crown and prize !  
Who dost to joys celestial bring  
Those who the joys of earth despise ;

- 2 By all the praise thy Saints have won ;  
 By all their pains in days gone by ;  
 By all the deeds which they have done ;  
 Hear Thou thy suppliant people's cry.
- 3 Thou dost amid thy Martyrs fight ;  
 Thy Confessors Thou dost forgive ;  
 May we find mercy in thy sight,  
 And in thy sacred presence live.
- 4 To God the Father glory be,  
 And to his sole-begotten Son ;  
 The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee !  
 While everlasting ages run.
- 

## 69. OF A CONFESSOR AND BISHOP.

- 1 **T**HE Confessor of Christ, from shore to  
 Worshipp'd with solemn rite ; [shore  
 This day went up with joy, his labours o'er,  
 To his blest seat in light.

[If it be not the day of his death, the following is substituted.]

This day receives those honours which are his,  
 High in the realms of light.

- 2 Holy and innocent were all his ways ;  
 Sweet, temperate, unstain'd ; [praise,  
 His life was prayer,—his every breath was  
 While breath to him remain'd.

- 3 Ofttimes his merits high in every land,  
     In cures have been display'd ;  
 And still does health return at his command  
     To many a frame decay'd.
- 4 Therefore to him triumphant praise we pay,  
     And yearly songs renew ;  
 Praying our glorious Saint for us to pray,  
     All the long ages through.
- 5 To God of all the centre and the source,  
     Be power and glory given ;      [course,  
 Who sways the mighty world through all its  
     From the bright throne of Heaven.
- 

## 70.      OF A CONFESSOR AND BISHOP.

- 1 **R**EDEEMER blest of all who live !  
 Thy Pontiffs' endless prize !  
 Upon this day thine ear incline,  
     And hear us from the skies.
- 2 This day the holy Confessor  
     Of thy most sacred Name,  
 Honour'd with yearly festive rites  
     To heavenly glory came.
- 3 This day amid the blissful choirs  
     Of Angels, he sate down ;  
 Receiving, for the joys he spurn'd,  
     An everlasting crown.

- 4 Oh! grant us in his steps to walk;  
 His holy life to live;  
 And by the virtue of his prayers,  
 Thy people's sins forgive.
- 5 Glory to Thee, all-gracious Lord;  
 Praise to the Father be;  
 Praise to the Spirit Paraclete;  
 Through all eternity.
- 

## 71. OF A CONFESSOR NOT A BISHOP.

- 1 JESU! eternal Truth sublime!  
 Through endless years the same!  
 Thou crown of those, who through all time  
 Confess thy holy Name:
- 2 Thy suppliant people, through the prayer  
 Of thy blest Saint, forgive;  
 For his dear sake thy wrath forbear,  
 And bid our spirits live.
- 3 Again returns the sacred day,  
 With heavenly glory bright,  
 Which saw him go upon his way  
 Into the realms of light.
- 4 All objects of our vain desire,  
 All earthly joys and gains,  
 To Him were but as filthy mire;  
 And now with Thee he reigns.

- 5 Thee, Jesu, his all-gracious Lord  
 Confessing to the last,  
 He trod beneath him Satan's fraud,  
 And stood for ever fast.
- 6 In holy deeds of faith and love,  
 In fastings and in prayers,  
 His days were spent ; and now above  
 Thy heavenly Feast he shares.
- 7 Then, for his sake, thy wrath lay by,  
 And hear us while we pray ;  
 And pardon us, O Thou most high,  
 On this his festal Day.
- 8 All glory to the Father be ;  
 Praise to his only Son ;  
 Praise, holy Paraclete, to Thee ;  
 While endless ages run.
- 

## 72.

## OF VIRGINS.

- 1 **T**HOU Crown of all the Virgin choir !  
 That holy Mother's Virgin Son !  
 Who is alone, of womankind,  
 Mother and Virgin both in one !
- 2 Encircled by thy Virgin band,  
 Amid the lilies Thou art found ;  
 For thy pure brides with lavish hand  
 Scattering immortal graces round.

- 3 And still, wherever thou dost bend  
 Thy lovely steps, O glorious King,  
 Virgins upon thy steps attend,  
 And hymns to thy high glory sing.
- 4 Keep us, O Purity divine,  
 From every least corruption free ;  
 Our every sense from sin refine,  
 And purify our souls for Thee.
- 5 To God the Father, and the Son,  
 All honour, glory, praise, be given ;  
 With Thee, O holy Paraclete !  
 Henceforth by all in earth and Heaven.
- 

## 73.

## OF HOLY WOMEN.

- 1 **H**IGH let us all our voices raise,  
 In that heroic woman's praise ;  
 Whose name, with saintly glory bright,  
 Shines in the starry realms of light.
- 2 Fill'd with a pure celestial glow,  
 She spurn'd all love of things below ;  
 And heedless here on earth to stay,  
 Climb'd to the skies her toilsome way.
- 3 With fasts her body she subdued ;  
 But fill'd her soul with prayer's sweet food,  
 In other worlds she tastes the bliss,  
 For which she left the joys of this.

- 4 O Christ, the strength of all the strong !  
 To whom all our best deeds belong !  
 Through her prevailing prayers on high,  
 In mercy hear thy people's cry.
- 5 To God the Father, with the Son,  
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
 Be glory while the ages flow,  
 From all above, and all below.
- 

## 74. OF THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

- 1 JERUSALEM, thou City blest !  
 Dear vision of celestial rest !  
 Which far above the starry sky,  
 Piled up with living stones on high,  
 Art, as a Bride, encircled bright,  
 With million angel forms of light :
- 2 Oh, wedded in a prosperous hour !  
 The Father's glory was thy dower ;  
 The Spirit all His graces shed,  
 Thou peerless Queen, upon thy head ;  
 When Christ espous'd thee for his Bride,  
 O City bright and glorified !
- 3 Thy gates a pearly lustre pour ;  
 Thy gates are open evermore ;  
 And thither evermore draw nigh  
 All who for Christ have dar'd to die ;  
 Or smit with love of their dear Lord,  
 Have pains endur'd, and joys abhorr'd.

- 4    Thou, too, O Church, which here we see !  
       No easy task hath builded thee.  
       Long did the chisels ring around !  
       Long did the mallets' blows rebound !  
       Long work'd the head, and toil'd the hand !  
       Ere stood thy stones as now they stand.
- 5    To God the Father, glory due  
       Be paid by all the heavenly Host ;  
       And to his only Son most true ;  
       With Thee, O mighty Holy Ghost !  
       To whom praise, power, and blessing be,  
       Through ages of eternity.
- 

## 75.

## PART II.

- 1    **F**ROM highest Heaven, the Father's Son,  
       Descending like that mystic stone  
       Cut from a mountain without hands,  
       Came down below, and fill'd all lands ;  
       Uniting, midway in the sky,  
       His House on earth, and House on high.
- 2    That House on high,—it ever rings  
       With praises of the King of kings ;  
       For ever there, on harps divine,  
       They hymn th' eternal One and Trine ;  
       We, here below, the strain prolong,  
       And faintly echo Sion's song.



- 3 O Lord of lords invisible !  
 With thy pure light this temple fill :  
 Hither, oft as invok'd, descend ;  
 Here to thy people's prayer attend ;  
 Here, through all hearts, for evermore,  
 Thy Spirit's quick'ning graces pour.
- 4 Here may the Faithful, day by day,  
 In kneeling adoration pray ;  
 And here receive from thy dear love  
 The blessings of that home above ;  
 Till loosen'd from this mortal chain,  
 Its everlasting joys they gain.
- 5 To God the Father, glory due  
 Be paid by all the heavenly Host ;  
 And to his only Son most true ;  
 With thee, O mighty Holy Ghost !  
 To whom praise, power, and blessing be,  
 Through ages of eternity.
- 

## 76.

## PALM SUNDAY.

- 1 **G**LORY and praise to Thee, Redeemer  
 blest !  
 To whom their glad hosannas children pour'd ;  
 Hail, Israel's King ! hail, David's Son con-  
 fess'd !  
 Who comest in the name of Israel's Lord.

2 Thy praise in Heaven the Host Angelic sings ;  
On earth mankind, with all created things.

[“Glory and praise,” &c., *as above, is repeated.*]

3 Thee once with palms the Jews went forth  
to meet ;  
Thee now with prayers and holy hymns we  
greet.

[Glory and praise, &c.]

4 Thee, on thy way to die, they crown'd with  
praise ;  
To Thee, now King on high, our song we  
raise.

[Glory and praise, &c.]

5 Thee their poor homage pleas'd, O gracious  
King !

Ours too accept,—the best that we can bring.

[Glory and praise, &c.]

## 77.

GOOD FRIDAY.

1 FAITHFUL Cross, O Tree all beauteous !  
Tree all peerless and divine !  
Not a grove on earth can shew us  
Such a flower and leaf as thine.  
Sweet the nails, and sweet the wood,  
Laden with so sweet a load !

After which, “*Sing my tongue,*” hymn 27.

[“Sweet the nails,” &c., *as above, being repeated  
after every stanza.*]

78.

PROSE.

- 1 **H**AIL to Thee ! true Body, sprung  
From the Virgin Mary's womb !  
The same that on the Cross was hung,  
And bore for man the bitter doom !
  - 2 Thou, whose side was pierc'd, and flow'd  
Both with water and with blood ;  
Suffer us to taste of Thee,  
In our life's last agony.
  - 3 O kind, O loving One !  
O sweet Jesu, Mary's Son !
- 

79.

HYMN FOR EASTER-SUNDAY.

- 1 **Y**E sons and daughters of the Lord !  
The King of glory, King ador'd,  
This day Himself from death restor'd.
- 2 All in the early morning grey  
Went holy women on their way,  
To see the tomb where Jesus lay.
- 3 Of spices pure a precious store  
In their pure hands those women bore,  
To anoint the sacred Body o'er.
- 4 Then straightway one in white they see,  
Who said, " Ye seek the Lord ; but He  
Is risen, and gone to Galilee."

- 5 This told they Peter, told they John ;  
Who forthwith to the tomb are gone,  
But Peter is by John outrun.
- 6 That self-same night, while out of fear  
The doors were shut, their Lord most dear  
To his Apostles did appear.
- 7 But Thomas, when of this he heard,  
Was doubtful of his brethren's word ;  
Wherefore again there comes the Lord.
- 8 " Thomas, behold my side," saith He ;  
" My hands, my feet, my body see,  
And doubt not, but believe in Me."
- 9 When Thomas saw that wounded side,  
The truth no longer he denied ;  
" Thou art my Lord and God !" he cried.
- 10 Oh, blest are they who have not seen  
Their Lord, and yet believe in Him !  
Eternal life awaiteth them.
- 11 Now let us praise the Lord most high,  
And strive his name to magnify  
On this great day, through earth and sky :
- 12 Whose mercy ever runneth o'er ;  
Whom men and Angel Hosts adore ;  
To Him be glory evermore.

## HYMNS

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE IMMACULATE  
CONCEPTION.

80.

*Salve mundi domina.*

1 **H**AIL Queen of the Heavens !  
Hail, Mistress of earth !  
Hail, Virgin most pure,  
Of immaculate birth !  
Clear Star of the Morning,  
In beauty enshrin'd !  
O Lady, make speed  
To the help of mankind !

2 Thee God in the depth  
Of eternity chose ;  
And form'd thee all fair,  
As his glorious Spouse ;  
And call'd thee his Word's  
Own Mother to be,  
By whom he created  
The earth, sky, and sea.

---

81.

*Salve Virgo sapiens.*

1 **H**AIL, Virgin most wise !  
Hail, Deity's Shrine,  
With seven fair pillars  
And Table divine !

Preserv'd from the guilt  
Which has come on us all !  
Exempt in the womb  
From the taint of the Fall !

- 2 O new Star of Jacob !  
Of Angels the Queen !  
O Gate of the Saints !  
O Mother of men !  
O terrible as  
The embattled array !  
Be thou of the Faithful  
The refuge and stay.

82.

---

*Salve Virgo florens.*

- 1 HAIL, Mother most pure !  
Hail, Virgin renown'd !  
Hail, Queen, with the stars  
As a diadem crown'd !  
Above all the Angels  
In glory untold,  
Standing next to the King,  
In a vesture of gold !
- 2 O Mother of mercy !  
O Star of the wave !  
O Hope of the guilty !  
O Light of the grave !  
Through Thee may we come  
To the Haven of rest ;  
And see Heaven's King  
In the courts of the Blest.

83.

## THE COMMENDATION.

*Supplices offerimus.*

- 1    **T**HESE praises and prayers  
       I lay at thy feet,  
 O Virgin of virgins !  
 O Mary most sweet !  
 Be Thou my true guide  
 Through this pilgrimage here,  
 And stand by my side  
 When death draweth near.
- 

84.

FEAST OF ST. ANNE, MOTHER OF THE  
BLESSED MARY.

- 1    **S**POTLESS Anna ! Juda's glory !  
       Through the Church from East to West,  
 Every tongue proclaims thy praises,  
       Holy Mary's Mother blest !
- 2    Saintly Kings and priestly Sires  
       Blended in thy sacred line ;  
 Thou in virtue, all before thee  
       Didst excel by grace divine.
- 3    Link'd in bonds of purest wedlock,  
       Thine it was for us to bear,  
 By the favour of High Heaven,  
       Our eternal Virgin Star.

4 From thy stem in beauty budded  
 Ancient Jesse's mystic rod ;  
 Earth from thee receiv'd the Mother  
 Of th' Almighty Son of God.

5 All the human race benighted  
 In the depths of darkness lay ;  
 When in Anne, it saw the dawning  
 Of the long-expected day.

6 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,  
 Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son !  
 With the Father and the Spirit,  
 While eternal ages run.

---

## 85. FEAST OF THE NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

1 SWEET Morn ! thou Parent of the Sun !  
 And Daughter of the same !  
 What joy and gladness, through thy birth,  
 This day to mortals came !

2 Cloth'd in the Sun I see Thee stand,  
 The Moon beneath thy feet ;  
 The Stars above thy sacred head  
 A radiant coronet.

3 Thrones and Dominions gird Thee round,  
 The Armies of the sky ;  
 Pure streams of glory from Thee flow,  
 All bath'd in Deity !



- 4 Terrific as the banner'd line  
 Of battle's dread array !  
 Before Thee tremble Hell and Death,  
 And own thy mighty sway :
- 5 While crush'd beneath thy dauntless foot,  
 The Serpent writhes in vain ;  
 Smit by a deadly stroke, and bound  
 In an eternal chain.
- 6 O Mightiest ! pray for us, that He  
 Who came through Thee of yore,  
 May come to dwell within our hearts,  
 And never quit us more.
- 7 Praise to the Father, with the Son,  
 And holy Ghost, through Whom  
 The Word eternal was conceiv'd  
 Within the Virgin's womb.
- 

## 86. FEAST OF THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

- 1 **W**HAT mortal tongue can sing thy praise,  
 Dear Mother of the Lord ?—  
 To Angels only it belongs  
 Thy glory to record.
- 2 Who born of man can penetrate  
 Thy soul's majestic shrine ?  
 Who can thy mighty gifts unfold,  
 Or rightly them divine ?

- 3 Say, Virgin, what sweet force was that,  
Which from the Father's breast  
Drew forth his coeternal Son,  
To be thy bosom's guest?
- 4 'Twas not thy guileless faith alone,  
That lifted Thee so high;  
'Twas not thy pure seraphic love,  
Or peerless chastity:
- 5 But, oh! it was thy lowliness,  
Well pleasing to the Lord,  
That made Thee worthy to become  
The Mother of the Word.
- 6 Oh, Loftiest!—whose humility  
So sweet it was to see!  
That God, forgetful of Himself,  
Abas'd Himself to Thee!
- 7 Praise to the Father, with the Son,  
And Holy Ghost, through Whom  
The Word eternal was conceiv'd  
Within the Virgin's womb.
- 

87. FEAST OF THE PURIFICATION OF THE  
BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

- 1 O SION! open wide thy gates;  
Let figures disappear;  
A Priest and Victim both in one,  
The Truth Himself is here.

- 2 No more the simple flock shall bleed.—  
Behold the Father's Son !  
Himself to His own Altar comes  
For sinners to atone.
- 3 Conscious of hidden Deity,  
The lowly Virgin brings  
Her new-born Babe, with two young doves,  
Her tender offerings.
- 4 The hoary Simeon sees at last  
His Lord so long desired,  
And hails, with Anna, Israel's hope,  
With sudden rapture fired.
- 5 But silent knelt the Mother blest  
Of the yet silent Word ;  
And pondering all things in her heart,  
With speechless praise ador'd.
- 6 Praise to the Father and the Son ;  
Praise to the Spirit be ;  
Praise to the blessed Three in One,  
Through all eternity.
- 

88. HYMN FROM THE RESPONSORY OF  
ST. PETER.

- 1 SEEK ye a Patron to defend  
Your cause?—then, one and all,  
Without delay upon the Prince  
Of the Apostles call.

Blest Holder of the heavenly Keys !  
 Thy prayers we all implore :  
 Unlock to us the sacred bars  
 Of Heaven's eternal door.

- 2 By penitential tears thou didst  
 The path of life regain ;  
 Teach us with thee to weep our sins,  
 And wash away their stain.  
 Blest Holder, &c.
- 3 The Angel touch'd thee, and forthwith  
 Thy chains from off thee fell ;  
 Oh, loose us from the subtle coils  
 That bind us fast to Hell.  
 Blest Holder, &c.
- 4 Firm rock whereon the Church is bas'd !  
 Pillar that cannot bend !  
 With strength endue us ; and the Faith  
 From heresy defend.  
 Blest Holder, &c.
- 5 Save Rome, which from the days of old  
 Thy blood hath sanctified ;  
 And help the nations of the earth,  
 That in thy help confide.  
 Blest Holder, &c.
- 6 Oh, worshipp'd by all Christendom ;  
 Her realms in peace maintain ;  
 Let no contagion sap her strength,  
 No discord rend in twain.  
 Blest Holder, &c.

- 7 The weapons, which our ancient foe  
 Against us doth prepare,  
 Crush thou ; nor suffer us to fall  
 Into his deadly snare.  
 Blest Holder, &c.
- 8 Guard us through life ; and in that hour  
 When our last fight draws nigh,  
 O'er Death, o'er Hell, o'er Satan's power,  
 Gain us the victory.  
 Blest Holder, &c.
- 9 All glory to the Father be ;  
 Praise to the Son who rose ;  
 Praise to the Spirit Paraclete ;  
 While age on ages flows.  
 Blest Holder, &c.
- 

## 89. HYMN OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

- 1 MY God, I love Thee, not because  
 I hope for Heaven thereby ;  
 Nor because they who love Thee not,  
 Must burn eternally.
- 2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me  
 Upon the Cross embrace ;  
 For me didst bear the nails and spear,  
 And manifold disgrace ;

- 3 And griefs and torments numberless ;  
 And sweat of agony ;  
 E'en death itself—and all for one  
 Who was thine enemy.
- 4 Then why, O blessed Jesu Christ !  
 Should I not love Thee well ;  
 Not for the sake of winning Heaven,  
 Or of escaping Hell ;
- 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught ;  
 Not seeking a reward ;  
 But, as Thyself hast loved me,  
 O ever-loving Lord ?
- 6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,  
 And in thy praise will sing ;  
 Solely because Thou art my God,  
 And my eternal King.
- 

## 90.

## THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

*(From the Italian.)*

- 1 **H**AIL, Jesus ! Hail ! who for my sake  
 Sweet Blood from Mary's wounds didst  
 And shed it all for me ; [take,  
 O blessed be my Saviour's Blood,  
 My life, my light, my only good,  
 To all eternity.

2 To endless ages let us praise  
 The Precious Blood whose price could raise  
 The world from wrath and sin ;  
 Whose streams our inward thirst appease,  
 And heal the sinner's worst disease,  
 If he but bathe therein.

3 O sweetest Blood, that can implore  
 Pardon of God, and heaven restore,  
 The heaven which sin had lost :  
 While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads  
 What Jesus shed still intercedes  
 For those who wrong him most.

4 O to be sprinkled from the wells  
 Of Christ's own sacred Blood, excels  
 Earth's best and highest bliss :  
 The ministers of wrath divine  
 Hurt not the happy hearts that shine  
 With those red drops of His !

5 Ah ! there is joy amid the Saints,  
 And hell's despairing courage faints  
 When this sweet song we raise :  
 O louder then, and louder still,  
 Earth with one mighty chorus fill,  
 The Precious Blood to praise !

Amen.

## 91.

## CORPUS CHRISTI.

- 1 JESUS! my Lord, my God, my all!  
 How can I love Thee as I ought?  
 And how revere this wondrous gift,  
 So far surpassing hope or thought?  
 Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!  
 O, make us love Thee more and more!
  
- 2 Had I but Mary's sinless heart  
 To love Thee with, my dearest King!  
 O with what bursts of fervent praise  
 Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing!  
 Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!  
 O, make us love Thee more and more!
  
- 3 O see! within a creature's hand  
 The vast Creator deigns to be,  
 Reposing infant-like, as though  
 On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee.  
 Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!  
 O, make us love Thee more and more!
  
- 4 Thy Body, Soul, and Godhead, all!  
 O mystery of love divine!  
 I cannot compass all I have,  
 For all Thou hast and art are mine!  
 Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!  
 O, make us love Thee more and more!



- 5 Sound, sound His praises higher still,  
 And come, ye angels, to our aid,  
 'Tis God ! 'Tis God ! the very God  
 Whose power both man and angels made !  
 Sweet Sacrament ! we Thee adore !  
 O, make us love Thee more and more !
- 6 Ring joyously, ye solemn bells !  
 And wave, O wave ye censers bright !  
 'Tis Jesus cometh, Mary's Son,  
 And God of God, and Light of Light !  
 Sweet Sacrament ! we Thee adore !  
 O, make us love Thee more and more !
- 7 O earth ! grow flowers beneath his feet,  
 And thou, O sun, shine bright this day !  
 He comes ! He comes ! O Heaven on earth !  
 Our Jesus comes upon His way !  
 Sweet Sacrament ! we Thee adore !  
 O, make us love Thee more and more !
- 8 He comes ! He comes ! the Lord of Hosts,  
 Borne on His throne triumphantly !  
 We see Thee, and we know Thee, Lord ;  
 And yearn to shed our blood for Thee.  
 Sweet Sacrament ! we Thee adore !  
 O, make us love Thee more and more !
- 9 Our hearts leap up ; our trembling song  
 Grows fainter still ; we can no more ;  
 Silence ! and let us weep—and die  
 Of very love, while we adore.  
 Great Sacrament of love divine !  
 All, all we have or are be Thine !

- 1 **M**OTHER of Mercy ! day by day  
 My love of thee grows more and more ;  
 Thy gifts are strewn upon my way  
 Like sands upon the great sea-shore.
- 2 Though poverty and work and woe  
 The masters of my life may be,  
 When times are worst, who does not know  
 Darkness is light with love of thee ?
- 3 But scornful men have coldly said  
 Thy love was leading me from God ;  
 And yet in this I did but tread  
 The very path my Saviour trod.
- 4 They know but little of thy worth  
 Who speak these heartless words to me ;  
 For what did Jesus love on earth  
 One half so tenderly as thee ?
- 5 Get me the grace to love thee more ;  
 Jesus wilt give if thou wilt plead ;  
 And, Mother ! when life's cares are o'er,  
 O, I shall love thee then indeed !
- 6 Jesus, when His three hours were run,  
 Bequeath'd thee from the cross to me ;  
 And O ! how can I love thy Son,  
 Sweet Mother ! if I love not thee ?

## MONTH OF MAY.

93. PIOUS ASPIRATIONS TO THE MOTHER OF GOD, FOR  
EVERY DAY IN THE MONTH.*(From the Italian.)*

- 1 JOY of my heart ! O let me pay  
To thee thine own sweet month of May.
- 2 Mary ! one gift I beg of Thee,  
My soul from sin and sorrow free.
- 3 Direct my wandering feet aright,  
And be Thyself mine own true light.
- 4 Be love of Thee the purging fire,  
To cleanse for God my heart's desire.
- 5 Mother ! be love of Thee a ray  
From Heaven to show the heavenward way.
- 6 Mary ! make haste Thy child to win  
From sin, and from the love of sin.
- 7 Mother of God ! let my poor love  
A mother's prayers and pity move.
- 8 Oh Mary, when I come to die,  
Be Thou, Thy spouse, and Jesus nigh.
- 9 When mute before the Judge I stand,  
My holy shield be Mary's hand.
- 10 O Mary ! let no child of Thine  
In hell's eternal exile pine.

- 11 If time for penance still be mine,  
Mother, the precious gift is thine.
- 12 Thou, Mary, art my hope and life,  
The starlight of this earthly strife.
- 13 Oh, for my own, and others' sin,  
Do Thou, who canst, free pardon win.
- 14 To sinners all, to me the chief,  
Send, Mother, send Thy kind relief.
- 15 To Thee our love and troth are given ;  
Pray for us, pray, bright Gate of Heaven.
- 16 Sweet Day-Star ! let thy beauty be  
A light to draw my soul to Thee.
- 17 We love Thee, light of sinners' eyes !  
O let Thy prayer for sinners rise.
- 18 Look at us, Mother Mary ! see  
How piteously we look to Thee.
- 19 I am thy slave, nor would I be  
For worlds from this sweet bondage free.
- 20 Oh Jesus, Joseph, Mary, deign  
My soul in heavenly ways to train.
- 21 Sweet Stewardess of God, Thy prayers  
We beg, who are God's ransom'd heirs.
- 22 Oh Virgin-born ! Oh Flesh Divine !  
Cleanse us, and make us wholly Thine.
- 23 Mary, dear Mistress of my heart,  
What Thou wouldst have me do impart.

- 24 Thou, who wert pure as driven snow,  
Make me as Thou wert here below.
- 25 Oh Queen of Heaven! obtain for me  
Thy glory there one day to see.
- 26 O then and there, on that bright day,  
To me Thy womb's chaste Fruit display.
- 27 Mother of God! to me no less  
Vouchsafe a mother's sweet caress.
- 28 Be love of Thee, my whole life long,  
A seal upon my wayward tongue.
- 29 Write on my heart's most sacred core  
The five dear Wounds that Jesus bore.
- 30 O give me tears to shed with Thee  
Beneath the Cross on Calvary.
- 31 One more request, and I have done!—  
With love of Thee and Thy dear Son,  
More let me burn, and more each day,  
Till love of self is burned away.
- 

## 94.

## THE ASSUMPTION.

- 1 SING, sing, ye Angel Bands,  
All beautiful and bright;  
For higher still, and higher  
Through the vast fields of light,  
Mary, your Queen, ascends,  
Like the sweet moon at night.

- 2 A fairer flower than she  
 On earth hath never been ;  
 And, save the Throne of God,  
 Your heavens have never seen  
 A wonder half so bright  
 As your ascending Queen.
- 3 O happy Angels ! look,  
 How beautiful she is !  
 See ! Jesus bears her up,  
 Her hand is locked in His ;  
 O who can tell the height  
 Of that fair Mother's bliss ?
- 4 And shall I lose thee then,  
 Lose my sweet right to thee ?  
 Ah ! no—the Angels' Queen  
 Man's Mother still will be,  
 And thou, upon thy throne,  
 Wilt keep thy love for me.
- 

## 95.

## HYMN TO ST. JOSEPH.

- 1 **H**AIL ! holy Joseph, hail !  
 Husband of Mary, hail !  
 Chaste as the lily flower  
 In Eden's peaceful vale.
- 2 Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !  
 Father of Christ esteemed !  
 Father be thou to those  
 Thy Foster-Son redeemed.

- 3 Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !  
 Prince of the house of God,  
 May His best graces be  
 By thy sweet hands bestowed.
- 4 Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !  
 Comrade of angels, hail !  
 Cheer thou the hearts that faint,  
 And guide the steps that fail.
- 5 Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !  
 God's choice wert thou alone ;  
 To thee the Word made flesh  
 Was subject as a Son.
- 6 Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !  
 Teach us our flesh to tame,  
 And, Mary, keep the hearts  
 That love thy husband's name.
- 7 Mother of Jesus ! bless,  
 And bless, ye Saints on high,  
 All meek and simple souls  
 That to Saint Joseph cry. Amen.
- 

## 96. THE PATRONAGE OF ST. JOSEPH.

- 1 **D**EAR Husband of Mary ! dear Nurse of  
 her Child !  
 Life's ways are full weary, the desert is wild ;  
 Bleak sands are all round us, no home can  
 we see ;  
 Sweet Spouse of our Lady ! we lean upon thee.

- 2 For thou to the pilgrim art Father and Guide,  
And Jesus and Mary felt safe by thy side;  
Ah! blessed Saint Joseph! how safe should  
I be, [me!  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! if thou wert with
- 3 O blessed Saint Joseph! how great was thy  
worth,  
The one chosen shadow of God upon earth,  
The Father of Jesus—ah! then wilt thou be,  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! a father to me?
- 4 Thou hast not forgotten the long dreary road,  
When Mary took turns with thee, bearing  
thy God; [be:  
Yet light was that burden, none lighter could  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! O canst thou  
bear me?
- 5 A cold thankless heart and a mean love of  
ease, [than these?  
What weights, blessed Patron! more galling  
My life, my past life, thy clear vision may see;  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! O canst thou  
love me?
- 6 Ah! give me thy Burden to bear for awhile;  
Let me kiss His warm lips, and adore His  
sweet smile; [be,  
With her Babe in my arms, surely Mary will  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! my pleader with  
thee!





- 4 To mourn, and yet to joy and love,  
With overflowing heart,  
And in thy school of Christian mirth  
To bear our humble part.
- 5 Gay as the lark at morning's door,  
Singing its fearless song ;  
Yet plaintive as the dove that mourns  
In secret all day long ;—
- 6 Busy and blythe in hidden cell,  
Or crowded streets no less,  
We use thy modest wiles to save  
The world by cheerfulness.
- 7 Mid strife and change, cold hearts and  
tongues,  
How much we owe to thee !  
This sunny service ! who could dream  
Earth had such liberty,
- 8 Look at the crowds of this sweet land,  
Dear Father Philip ! see  
How shepherdless they wander on,  
How lone, how helplessly.
- 9 O make us sons of thine indeed,  
Fill us with thy true mirth,  
Thy strength of prayer, thy might of love,  
To change these hearts of earth.

10 By thee for Mary's household hired,—  
     May burning heart and word  
 So preach her, that her name may be  
     In England like a sword.

11 And oft above our shrines be seen,  
     In humblest garments swathed,  
 Our God and King, while every eye  
     In speechless tears is bathed.

12 May crowds, like reeds before the wind,  
     In utter love bow down,  
 In utter love and faith before  
     His sacramental throne ;

13 While from His known and kingly eye  
     Bright streams of blessing part,  
 And rain like sunbeams far within  
     The rapt and trembling heart.

14 In Philip's name, in Philip's way,  
     To God and Mary true,  
 In this our own dear Saxon-land  
     Good work we fain would do.

15 To this our own dear Saxon-land  
     We welcome thee to-day ;  
 Dread Father ! come and toil with us  
     In thine own trustful way.

- 16 Jesus and Mary be the stars  
That shine for us on high :  
God and St. Philip ! brothers ! be  
Our gentle battle-cry.
- 17 By haughty word, cold force of mind,  
We seek not hearts to rule ;  
Hearts win the hearts they seek ! Behold  
The secret of our school !
- 18 By winning way, by playful love,  
Our wonders will we do,—  
The playfulness of such as know  
Their faith alone is true.
- 19 By touch and tone, by voice and eye,  
By many a little wile,  
May cold and sin-bound spirits own  
In us our Father's guile.
- 20 Dear Father Philip ! give to us  
Thy manners gay and free,  
Thy patient trust, thy plaint of prayer,  
Thy deep simplicity.
- 

## 98.

## FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

- 1 **F**AITH of our Fathers ! living still  
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword :  
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy  
Whene'er we hear that glorious word :  
Faith of our Fathers ! holy Faith !  
We will be true to thee till death !

- 2 Our Fathers, chained in prisons dark,  
 Were still in heart and conscience free :  
 How sweet would be their children's fate,  
 If they, like them, could die for thee !  
 Faith of our Fathers ! Holy Faith !  
 We will be true to thee till death !
- 3 Faith of our Fathers ! Mary's prayers  
 Shall win our country back to thee ;  
 And through the truth that comes from God  
 England shall then indeed be free.  
 Faith of our Fathers ! Holy Faith !  
 We will be true to thee till death !
- 4 Faith of our Fathers ! we will love  
 Both friend and foe in all our strife :  
 And preach thee too, as love knows how,  
 By kindly words and virtuous life :  
 Faith of our Fathers ! Holy Faith !  
 We will be true to thee till death !
- 

## 99. HYMN TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

*Ave Maris Stella.*

- 1 **S**TAR of the ocean, hail !  
 Mother of God on high,  
 And Virgin evermore,  
 Blest Portal of the sky.
- 2 Oh, think on Gabriel's voice,  
 From whom that Ave came,  
 And stablish us in peace,  
 Reversing Eva's name.

- 3 Loosen the sinner's bands,  
 All evils drive away ;  
 Bring light unto the blind,  
 And for all graces pray.
- 4 Exert a Mother's sway,  
 It is the suppliant's plea  
 With Him who, born for us,  
 Bore to be born of Thee.
- 5 O pure, O spotless Maid,  
 Whose meekness all surpass'd,  
 Our lusts and passions quell.  
 And make us meek and chaste.
- 6 Preserve our lives unstain'd,  
 And guard us in our way ;  
 Until we come to Thee,  
 To joys that ne'er decay.
- 7 Praise to the Father be,  
 With Christ, His only Son,  
 And to the Holy Ghost,  
 Thrice blessed Three in One. Amen.
- 

# 100. HYMN TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

*Ave Regina cæli.*

- 1 **H**AIL, Queen of Heaven, the ocean Star,  
 Guide of the wanderer here below,  
 Thrown on life's surge we claim thy care,  
 Save us from peril and from woe.  
 Mother of Christ, Star of the sea,  
 Pray for the wanderer, pray for me.

- 2 O gentle, chaste, and spotless Maid,  
 We sinners make our prayers through thee,  
 Remind thy Son that He has paid  
 The price of our iniquity.  
 Virgin most pure, Star of the sea,  
 Pray for the sinner, pray for me.
- 3 Sojourners in this vale of tears,  
 To Thee, blest Advocate, we cry,  
 Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,  
 And soothe with hope our misery.  
 Refuge in grief, Star of the sea,  
 Pray for the mourner, pray for me.
- 4 And while to Him who reigns above,  
 In Godhead One, in Persons Three,  
 The Source of life, of grace, of love,  
 Homage we pay on bended knee ;  
 Do Thou, bright Queen, Star of the sea,  
 Pray for thy children, pray for me.
-

## LATIN HYMNS.

---

### ANTIPHONS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

**101.** FROM THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT TO THE  
FEAST OF THE PURIFICATION.

**A**LMA Redemptoris Mater, quæ pervia cœli  
Porta manes, et stella maris, succurre,  
cadenti,

Surgere qui curat, populo : tu quæ genuisti,  
Natura mirante, tuum sanctum Genitorem,  
Virgo prius ac posterius, Gabrielis ab ore  
Sumens illud Ave, peccatorum miserere.

---

**102.** FROM THE PURIFICATION OF THE BLESSED  
VIRGIN TO PALM SUNDAY.

**A**VE Regina cœlorum,  
Ave Domina Angelorum :  
Salve radix, salve porta,  
Ex qua mundo lux est orta.  
Gaude virgo gloriosa,  
Super omnes speciosa :  
Vale O valde decora,  
Et pro nobis Christum exora.



# 103. FROM EASTER SUNDAY TO WHIT-SUNDAY.

REGINA cœli lætare, Alleluia.  
 Quia quem meruisti portare, Alleluia.  
 Resurrexit sicut dixit, Alleluia.  
 Ora pro nobis Deum, Alleluia.

---

# 104. FROM TRINITY SUNDAY TO THE LAST SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

SALVE regina, mater misericordiæ, vita, dul-  
 cedo, et spes nostra, salve.  
 Ad te clamamus exules filii Hevæ.  
 Ad te suspiramus gementes et flentes in hac  
 lacrymarum valle.  
 Eja ergo advocata nostra, illos tuos misericordes  
 oculos ad nos converte.  
 Et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui, no-  
 bis post hoc exilium ostende.  
 O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria.

---

## H Y M N S.

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# 105. EVENING HYMN.

1 TE lucis ante terminum,  
 Rerum Creator, poscimus ;  
 Ut pro tua clementia,  
 Sis præsul et custodia.

- 2    Procul recedant somnia,  
       Et noctium phantasmata ;  
       Hostemque nostrum comprime,  
       Ne polluantur corpora.
- 3    Præsta, Pater piissime,  
       Patrique compar Unice,  
       Cum Spiritu Paraclito  
       Regnans per omne sæculum.
- 

## 106.

## ADVENT.

- 1    **L**UCIS Creator optime,  
       Lucem dierum proferens,  
       Primordiis lucis novæ  
       Mundi parans originem :
- 2    Qui mane junctum vesperi  
       Diem vocari præcipis ;  
       Illabitur tetrum chaos,  
       Audi preces cum fletibus.
- 3    Ne mens gravata crimine,  
       Vitæ sit exul munere,  
       Dum nil perennè cogitat,  
       Seseque culpis illigat.
- 4    Cœleste pulset ostium :  
       Vitale tollat præmium :  
       Vitemus omne noxium :  
       Purgemus omne pessimum.

- 5 Præsta, Pater piissime,  
 Patrique compar Unice,  
 Cum Spiritu Paraclito  
 Regnans per omne sæculum.
- 

## 107.

## ADVENT.

- 1 CREATOR alme siderum,  
 Æterna lux credentium,  
 Jesu Redemptor omnium,  
 Intende votis supplicum.
- 2 Qui dæmonis ne fraudibus  
 Periret orbis, impetu  
 Amoris actus, languidi  
 Mundi medela factus es.
- 3 Commune qui mundi nefas  
 Ut expiares, ad crucem  
 E Virginis Sacrario  
 Intacta prodixisti victima.
- 4 Cujus potestas gloriæ,  
 Nomenque cum primum sonat ;  
 Et cœlites, et inferi,  
 Tremante curvantur genu.
- 5 Te deprecamur ultimæ  
 Magnum diei Judicem,  
 Armis supernæ gratiæ  
 Defende nos ab hostibus.

- 6 Virtus, honor, laus, gloria  
Deo Patri, cum Filio,  
Sancto simul Paraclito,  
In sæculorum sæcula.
- 

## 108.

## CHRISTMAS.

- 1 **J**ESU Redemptor omnium,  
Quem lucis ante originem  
Parem paternæ gloriæ  
Pater supremus edidit.
- 2 Tu lumen, et splendor Patris,  
Tu spes perennis omnium,  
Intende quas fundunt preces  
Tui per orbem servuli.
- 3 Memento, rerum Conditor,  
Nostri quod olim corporis,  
Sacrata ab alvo Virginis  
Nascendo, formam sumpseris.
- 4 Testatur hoc præsens dies  
Currens per anni circulum,  
Quod solus e sinu Patris  
Mundi salus adveneris.
- 5 Hunc astra, tellus, æquora,  
Hunc omne quod cœlo subest,  
Salutis auctorem novæ  
Novo salutat cantico.

- 6 Et nos, beata quos sacri  
Rigavit unda sanguinis,  
Natalis ob diem tui  
Hymni tributum solvimus.
- 7 Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
Qui natus es de Virgine,  
Cum Patre, et almo Spiritu,  
In sempiterna sæcula.
- 

## 109.

## CHRISTMAS.

- 1 **A**DESTE, fideles,  
Læti triumphantes ;  
Venite, venite in Bethlehem ;  
Natum videte  
Regem angelorum :  
Venite adoremus,  
Venite adoremus,  
Venite adoremus Dominum.
- 2 Deum de Deo,  
Lumen de Lumine,  
Gestant puellæ viscera :  
Deum verum,  
Genitum, non factum :  
Venite adoremus, &c.
- 3 Cantet nunc Io  
Chorus Angelorum ;  
Cantet nunc aula cœlestium,  
Gloria in excelsis Deo :  
Venite adoremus, &c.

- 4 Ergo qui natus  
Die hodierna,  
Jesu, tibi sit gloria :  
Patris æterni  
Verbum caro factum :  
Venite adoremus, &c.
- 

## 110.

## EPIPHANY.

- 1 CRUDELIS Herodes, Deum  
Regem venire quid times ?  
Non eripit mortalia,  
Qui regna dat cœlestia.
- 2 Ibant Magi, quam viderant,  
Stellam sequentes præviam :  
Lumen requirunt lumine :  
Deum fatentur munere.
- 3 Lavacra puri gurgitis  
Cœlestis Agnus attigit :  
Peccata quæ non detulit,  
Nos abluendo sustulit.
- 4 Novum genus potentiaë,  
Aquæ rubescunt hydriæ,  
Vinumque jussa fundere  
Mutavit unda originem.
- 5 Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
Qui apparuisti gentibus,  
Cum Patre, et almo Spiritu,  
In sempiterna sæcula.

## 111.

LENT.

- 1 **A**UDI, benigne Conditor,  
Nostras preces cum fletibus.  
In hoc sacro jejunio  
Fusas quadragenario.
- 2 Scrutator alme cordium,  
Infirma tu scis virium :  
Ad te reversis exhibe  
Remissionis gratiam.
- 3 Multum quidem peccavimus,  
Sed parce confitentibus :  
Ad nominis laudem tui  
Confer medelam languidis.
- 4 Concede nostrum conteri  
Corpus per abstinentiam :  
Culpæ ut relinquunt pabulum  
Jejuna corda criminum.
- 5 Præsta, beata Trinitas,  
Concede, simplex Unitas :  
Ut fructuosa sint tuis  
Jeiuniorum munera.

## 112.

PASSION.

- 1 **V**EXILLA Regis prodeunt :  
Fulget Crucis mysterium.  
Qua vita mortem pertulit.  
Et morte vitam protulit.

- 2    Quæ vulnerata lanceæ  
       Mucrone diro, criminum  
       Ut nos lavaret sordibus,  
       Manavit unda et sanguine.
  
- 3    Impleta sunt, quæ concinit  
       David fideli carmine,  
       Dicendo nationibus :  
       Regnavit a ligno Deus.
  
- 4    Arbor decora, et fulgida,  
       Ornata Regis purpura,  
       Electa digno stipite  
       Tam sancta membra tangere.
  
- 5    Beata, cujus brachiis  
       Pretium pependit sæculi,  
       Statera facta corporis,  
       Tulitque prædam tartari.
  
- 6    O Crux ave spes unica,  
       Hoc passionis tempore  
       Piis adauge gratiam,  
       Reisque dele crimina.
  
- 7    Te, fons salutis, Trinitas,  
       Collaudet omnis spiritus :  
       Quibus Crucis victoriam  
       Largiris, adde præmium.



## 113.

## EASTER.

- 1     **A**D Regias Agni dapes  
       Stolis amicti candidis  
       Post transitum maris Rubri  
       Christo canamus Principi.
- 2     Divina cujus charitas  
       Sacrum propinat sanguinem,  
       Almique membra corporis  
       Amor sacerdos immolat.
- 3     Sparsum Cruorem postibus  
       Vastator horret Angelus :  
       Fugitque divisum mare :  
       Merguntur hostes fluctibus.
- 4     Jam Pascha nostrum Christus est,  
       Paschalis idem Victima,  
       Et pura puris mentibus  
       Sinceritatis azyma.
- 5     O vera cœli Victima,  
       Subjecta cui sunt tartara,  
       Soluta mortis vincula,  
       Recepta vitæ præmia.
- 6     Victor subactis inferis  
       Trophæa Christus explicat,  
       Cæloque aperto, subditum  
       Regem tenebrarum trahit,

- 7 Ut sis perenne mentibus  
 Paschale Jesu gaudium,  
 A morte dira criminum  
 Vitæ renatos libera.
- 8 Deo Patri sit gloria,  
 Et Filio, qui a mortuis  
 Surrexit, ac Paraclito,  
 In sempiterna sæcula.
- 

## 114.

## WHITSUNTIDE.

- 1 VENI, Creator Spiritus,  
 Mentis tuorum visita,  
 Imple superna gratia,  
 Quæ tu creasti, pectora.
- 2 Qui diceris Paraclitus,  
 Altissimi donum Dei,  
 Fons vivus, ignis, charitas,  
 Et spiritalis unctio.
- 3 Tu septiformis munere,  
 Digitus Paternæ dexteræ,  
 Tu rite promissum Patris  
 Sermone ditans guttura.
- 4 Accende lumen sensibus :  
 Infunde amorem cordibus :  
 Infirma nostri corporis  
 Virtute firmans perpeti.

- 5 Hostem repellas longius,  
Pacemque dones protinus :  
Ductore sic te prævio  
Vitemus omne noxium.
- 6 Per te sciamus da Patrem,  
Noscamus atque Filium,  
Teque utriusque Spiritum  
Credamus omni tempore.
- 7 Deo Patri sit gloria,  
Et Filio, qui a mortuis  
Surrexit, ac Paraclito  
In sæculorum sæcula.
- 

## 115.

## WHITSUNTIDE.

- 1 VENI, sancte Spiritus,  
Et emitte cœlitus  
Lucis tuæ radium.
- 2 Veni pater pauperum,  
Veni dator munerum,  
Veni lumen cordium.
- 3 Consolator optime,  
Dulcis hospes animæ,  
Dulce refrigerium.
- 4 In labore requies,  
In æstu temperies,  
In fletu solatium.

- 5 O lux beatissima,  
Reple cordis intima  
Tuorum fidelium.
- 6 Sine tuo numine,  
Nihil est in homine,  
Nihil est innoxium.
- 7 Lava quod est sordidum,  
Riga quod est aridum,  
Sana quod est saucium.
- 8 Flecte quod est rigidum,  
Fove quod est frigidum,  
Rege quod est devium.
- 9 Da tuis fidelibus,  
In te confidentibus,  
Sacrum septenarium.
- 10 Da virtutis meritum,  
Da salutis exitum,  
Da perenne gaudium.

---

## 116.

## TRINITY.

- 1 **J**AM sol recedit igneus ;  
Tu lux perennis Unitas,  
Nostris, beata Trinitas,  
Infunde amorem cordibus.

- 2 Te mane laudum carmine,  
Te deprecamur vespere :  
Digneris, ut te supplices  
Laudemus inter Cœlites.
  - 3 Patri, simulque Filio,  
Tibique sancte Spiritus,  
Sicut fuit, sit jugiter  
Sæclum per omne gloria.
- 

## 117.

## ASCENSION.

- 1 SALUTIS humanæ Sator,  
Jesu voluptas cordium,  
Orbis redempti Conditor,  
Et casta lux amantium :
- 2 Qua victus es clementia,  
Ut nostra ferres crimina ?  
Mortem subires innocens,  
A morte nos ut tolleres ?
- 3 Perrumpis infernum chaos ;  
Vinctis catenas detrahis ;  
Victor triumpho nobili  
Ad dexteram Patris sedes.
- 4 Te cogat indulgentia,  
Ut damna nostra sarcias,  
Tuique vultus compotes  
Dites beato lumine.

- 5 Tu dux ad astra, et semita,  
 Sis meta nostris cordibus,  
 Sis lachrymarum gaudium,  
 Sis dulce vitæ præmium.
- 

## 118. FEASTS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

- 1 **O** GLORIOSA Virginum,  
 Sublimis inter sidera,  
 Qui te creavit, parvulum  
 Lactente nutris ubere.
- 2 Quod Heva tristis abstulit,  
 Tu reddis almo germine :  
 Intrent ut astra flebiles,  
 Cœli recludis cardines.
- 3 Tu Regis alti janua,  
 Et aula lucis fulgida :  
 Vitam datam per Virginem  
 Gentes redemptæ plaudite.
- 4 Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
 Qui natus es de Virgine,  
 Cum Patre, et almo Spiritu  
 In sempiterna sæcula.
- 

## 119. FEASTS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

- 1 **A**VE maris stella,  
 Dei mater alma,  
 Atque semper virgo,  
 Felix cœli porta.

- 2 Sumens illud Ave  
Gabrielis ore,  
Funda nos in pace,  
Mutans Evæ nomen.
- 3 Solve vincla reis,  
Profer lumen cæcis,  
Mala nostra pelle,  
Bona cuncta posce.
- 4 Monstra te esse matrem,  
Sumat per te preces,  
Qui pro nobis natus,  
Tulit esse tuus.
- 5 Virgo singularis,  
Inter omnes mitis,  
Nos culpis solutos,  
Mites fac et castos.
- 6 Vitam præsta puram,  
Iter para tutum,  
Ut videntes Jesum,  
Semper collætémur.
- 7 Sit laus Deo Patri,  
Summo Christo decus,  
Spiritui Sancto,  
Tribus honor unus.

- 1 **E**XULTET orbis gaudiis :  
Cœlum resultet laudibus :  
Apostolorum gloriam  
Tellus, et astra concinunt.
- 2 Vos sæculorum Judices,  
Et vera mundi lumina :  
Votis precamur cordium,  
Audite voces supplicum.
- 3 Qui templa cœli clauditis,  
Serasque verbo solvitis,  
Nos a reatu noxios  
Solvi jubete, quæsumus.
- 4 Præcepta quorum protinus  
Languor, salusque sentiunt ;  
Sanate mentes languidas :  
Augete nos virtutibus.
- 5 Ut, cum redibit Arbiter  
In fine Christus sæculi,  
Nos sempiterni gaudii  
Concedat esse compotes.
- 6 Patri, simulque Filio,  
Tibique sancte Spiritus,  
Sicut fuit, sit jugiter  
Sæclum per omne gloria.



## 121. FOR APOSTLES IN PASCHAL TIME.

1 **T**RISTES erant Apostoli  
De Christi acerbo funere,  
Quem morte crudelissima  
Servi necarant impii.

2 Sermone verax Angelus  
Mulieribus prædixerat :  
Mox ore Christus gaudium  
Gregi feret Fidelium.

3 Ad anxios Apostolos  
Currunt statim dum nuntiæ,  
Illæ micantis obvia  
Christi tenent vestigia.

4 Galilææ ad alta montium  
Se conferunt Apostoli ;  
Jesuque, voti compotes,  
Almo beantur lumine.

5 Ut sis perenne mentibus  
Paschale Jesu gaudium ;  
A morte dira criminum  
Vitæ renatos libera.

6 Deo Patri sit gloria,  
Et Filio, qui a mortuis  
Surrexit, ac Paraclito  
In sempiterna sæcula.

## 122.

FOR A MARTYR.

- 1 **D**EUS tuorum militum  
Sors, et corona, præmium,  
Laudes canentes Martyris  
Absolve nexu criminis.
  - 2 Hic nempe mundi gaudia,  
Et blanda fraudum pabula,  
Imbuta felle deputans,  
Pervenit ad cœlestia,
  - 3 Pænas cucurrit fortiter,  
Et sustulit viriliter,  
Fundensque pro te sanguinem  
Æterna dona possidet.
  - 4 Ob hoc precatu supplici  
Te poscimus piissime ;  
In hoc triumpho Martyris  
Dimitte noxam servulis.
  - 5 Deo Patri sit gloria,  
Et Filio, qui a mortuis  
Surrexit, ac Paraclito.  
In sempiterna sæcula.
- 

## 123.

FOR THE FEASTS OF CONFESSORS.

- 1 **I**STE Confessor Domini, colentes  
Quem pie laudant populi per orbem,  
Hac die lætus meruit beatas  
Scandere sedes.

[Si non est dies obitus, dicatur.]

- Hac die lætus meruit supremos  
Laudis honores.
- 2 Qui pius, prudens, humilis, pudicus,  
Sobriam duxit sine labe vitam,  
Donec humanos animavit auræ  
Spiritus artus.
- 3 Cujus ob præstans meritum frequenter,  
Ægra quæ passim jacuere membra,  
Viribus morbi domitis, saluti  
Restituuntur.
- 4 Noster hinc illi chorus obsequentem  
Concinit laudem, celebresque palmas;  
Ut piis ejus precibus juvemur  
Omne per ævum.
- 5 Sit salus illi, decus atque virtus,  
Qui super cœli solio coruscans,  
Totius mundi seriem gubernat  
Trinus et unus.
- 

## 124.

FOR VIRGINS.

- 1 **J**ESU corona Virginum,  
Quem mater illa concinit,  
Quæ sola Virgo parturit  
Hæc vota clemens accipe.

- 2 Qui pergis inter lilia,  
Septus choreis Virginum :  
Sponsus decorus gloria,  
Sponsisque reddens præmia.
- 3 Quocumque tendis, Virgines  
Sequuntur, atque laudibus  
Post te canentes cursitant,  
Hymnosque dulces personant.
- 4 Te deprecamur supplices,  
Nostris ut addas sensibus,  
Nescire prorsus omnia  
Corruptionis vulnera.
- 5 Virtus, honor, laus, gloria  
Deo Patri cum Filio,  
Sancto simul Paraclito,  
In sæculorum sæcula.
- 

## 125.

- 1 **F**ORTEM virili pectore  
Laudemus omnes feminam,  
Quæ sanctitatis gloria  
Ubique fulget inclyta.
- 2 Hæc sancto amore saucia,  
Dum mundi amorem noxium  
Horrescit, ad cœlestia  
Iter peregit arduum.

- 3 Carnem domans jejuniis,  
Dulcique mentem pabulo  
Orationis nutriens,  
Cœli potitur gaudiis.
- 4 Rex Christe virtus fortium,  
Qui magna solus efficis,  
Hujus precatu, quæsumus,  
Audi benignus supplices.
- 5 Deo Patri sit gloria,  
Ejusque soli Filio,  
Cum Spiritu Paraclito  
Nunc, et per omne sæculum.
- 

## 126. FRIDAY AFTER PASSION-SUNDAY.

- 1 STABAT Mater dolorosa,  
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,  
Dum pendebat Filius ;  
Cujus animam gementem,  
Contristatam et dolentem,  
Pertransivit gladius.
- 2 O quam tristis et afflicta  
Fuit illa benedicta  
Mater Unigeniti !  
Quæ mœrebat, et dolebat,  
Pia Mater dum videbat  
Nati pœnas inclyti.

- 3 Quis est homo, qui non fleret,  
Matrem Christi si videret  
In tanto supplicio?  
Quis non posset contristari,  
Christi Matrem contemplari,  
Dolentem cum Filio?
- 4 Pro peccatis suæ gentis,  
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,  
Et flagellis subditum.  
Vidit suum dulcem natum  
Moriendo desolatum,  
Dum emisit spiritum.
- 5 Eia Mater, fons amoris,  
Me sentire vim doloris,  
Fac ut tecum lugeam.  
Fac ut ardeat cor meum  
In amando Christum Deum,  
Ut sibi complaceam.
- 6 Sancta Mater, istud agas,  
Crucifixi fige plagas  
Cordi meo valide.  
Tui nati vulnerati,  
Tam dignati pro me pati,  
Pœnas mecum divide.
- 7 Fac me tecum pie flere,  
Crucifixo condolere,  
Donec ego vixero.  
Juxta crucem tecum stare,  
Et me tibi sociare,  
In planctu desidero.

- 8 Virgo virginum præclara,  
 Mihi jam non sis amara,  
 Fac me tecum plangere.  
 Fac ut portem Christi mortem,  
 Passionis fac consortem,  
 Et plagas recolere.
- 9 Fac me plagis vulnerari,  
 Fac me cruce inebrari,  
 Et cruore Filii:  
 Flammis ne urar succensus,  
 Per te, Virgo, sim defensus,  
 In die judicii.
- 10 Christe, cum sit hinc exire,  
 Da per Matrem me venire  
 Ad palmam victoriæ.  
 Quando corpus morietur  
 Fac ut animæ donetur  
 Paradisi gloria.
- 

## 127.

## CORPUS CHRISTI.

- 1 **L**AUDA, Sion, Salvatorem,  
 Lauda Ducem et Pastorem,  
 In hymnis et canticis.  
 Quantum potes, tantum aude;  
 Quia major omni laude,  
 Nec laudare sufficis.

- 2    Laudis thema specialis,  
       Panis vivus et vitalis,  
       Hodie proponitur.  
       Quem in sacræ mensa cœnæ,  
       Turbæ fratrum duodenæ  
       Datum non ambigitur.
  
- 3    Sit laus plena, sit sonora,  
       Sit jucunda, sit decora  
       Mentis jubilatio.  
       Dies enim solemnis agitur,  
       In qua mensæ prima recolitur  
       Hujus institutio.
  
- 4    In hac mensa novi Regis,  
       Novum pascha novæ legis,  
       Phase vetus terminat.  
       Vetustatem novitas,  
       Umbram fugat veritas,  
       Noctem lux eliminat.
  
- 5    Quod in cœna Christus gessit,  
       Faciendum hoc expressit  
       In sui memoriam.  
       Docti sacris institutis,  
       Panem, vinem, in salutis  
       Consecramus hostiam.
  
- 6    Dogma datur Christianis,  
       Quid in carnem transit panis,  
       Et vinum in sanguinem.  
       Quod non capis, quod non vides.  
       Animosa firmat fides,  
       Præter rerum ordinem.



- 7 Sub diversis speciebus,  
Signis tantum et non rebus,  
Latent res eximiæ.  
Caro cibus, sanguis potus :  
Manet tamen Christus totus  
Sub utraque specie.
- 8 A sumente non concisus,  
Non confractus, non divisus,  
Integer accipitur.  
Sumit unus, sumunt mille,  
Quantum isti, tantum ille,  
Nec sumptus consumitur.
- 9 Sumunt boni, sumunt mali :  
Sorte tamen inæquali,  
Vitæ vel interitus.  
Mors est malis, vita bonis,  
Vide paris sumptionis  
Quam sit dispar exitus.
- 10 Fracto demum sacramento,  
Ne vacilles, sed memento,  
Tantum esse sub fragmento,  
Quantum toto tegitur.  
Nulla rei fit scissura :  
Signi tantum fit fractura :  
Qua nec status nec statura  
Signati minuitur.

11. Ecce panis angelorum,  
Factus cibus viatorum :  
Vere panis filiorum,  
Non mittendus canibus.  
In figuris præsignatur,  
Cum Isaac immolatur :  
Agnus paschæ deputatur :  
Datur manna patribus.
12. Bone Pastor, panis vere,  
Jesu nostri miserere :  
Tu nos pasce, nos tuere :  
Tu nos bona fac videre  
In terra viventium,  
Tu qui cuncta scis et vales,  
Qui nos pascis hic mortales :  
Tuos ibi commensales,  
Cohæredes et sodales  
Fac sanctorum civium.
- 

## 128. HYMN TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

1. **P**ANGE lingua gloriosi  
Corporis mysterium,  
Sanguinisque pretiosi,  
Quem in mundi pretium  
Fructus ventris generosi  
Rex effudit gentium.

- 2 Nobis datus, nobis natus  
Ex intacta Virgine,  
Et in mundo conversatus,  
Sparso verbi semine,  
Sui moras incolatus  
Miro clausit ordine.
- 3 In supremæ nocte cœnæ  
Recumbens cum fratribus,  
Observata lege plene  
Cibis in legalibus,  
Cibum turbæ duodenæ  
Se dat suis manibus.
- 4 Verbum caro, panem verum  
Verbo carnem efficit:  
Fitque sanguis Christi merum:  
Et si sensus deficit,  
Ad firmandum cor sincerum  
Sola fides sufficit.

[Tantum ergo sacramentum.]

---

## 129.

- 1 **P**ANGE lingua gloriosi  
Lauream certaminis,  
Et super Crucis trophæo  
Dic triumphum nobilem:  
Qualiter Redemptor orbis  
Immolatus vicerit.

- 2 De Parentis protoplasti  
 Fraude Factor condolens,  
 Quando pomi noxialis  
 In necem morsu ruit :  
 Ipse lignum tunc notavit,  
 Damna ligni ut solveret.
- 3 Hoc opus nostræ salutis  
 Ordo depoposcerat ;  
 Multiformis proditoris  
 Ars ut artem falleret,  
 Et medelam ferret inde,  
 Hostis unde læserat.
- 4 Quando venit ergo sacri  
 Plenitudo temporis,  
 Missus est ab arce Patris  
 Natus, orbis Conditor ;  
 Atque ventre virginali  
 Carne amictus prodiit.
- 5 Vagit infans inter arcta  
 Conditus præsepia :  
 Membra pannis involuta  
 Virgo Mater alligat :  
 Et Dei manus pedesque  
 Stricta cingit fascia.
- 6 Sempiterna sit beatæ  
 Trinitati gloria,  
 Æqua Patri, Filioque ;  
 Par decus Paraclito :  
 Unius Trinique nomen  
 Laudet universitas.

## 130.

## DAY OF JUDGMENT.

- 1 **D**IES iræ, dies illa,  
Solvat sæclum in favilla ;  
Teste David cum Sybilla.
- 2 Quantus tremor est futurus,  
Quando judex est venturus,  
Cuncta stricte discussurus !
- 3 Tuba mirum spargens sonum  
Per sepulchra regionum,  
Coget omnes ante thronum.
- 4 Mors stupebit, et natura,  
Cum resurget creatura,  
Judicanti responsura.
- 4 Liber scriptus proferetur,  
In quo totum continetur,  
Unde mundus judicetur.
- 5 Judex ergo cum sedebit.  
Quidquid latet, apparebit ;  
Nil inultum remanebit.
- 6 Quid sum miser tunc dicturus ?  
Quem patronum rogaturus,  
Cum vix justus sit securus ?
- 7 Rex tremendæ majestatis,  
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
Salva me, fons pietatis.

- 8 Recordare, Jesu pie,  
Quod sum casa tuæ viæ,  
Ne me perdas illa die.
- 9 Querens me, sedisti lassus,  
Redemisti crucem passus,  
Tantus labor non sit cassus.
- 10 Juste judex ultionis,  
Donum fac remissionis,  
Ante diem rationis.
- 11 Ingemisco tanquam reus :  
Culpa rubet vultus meus :  
Supplicanti parce, Deus.
- 12 Qui Mariam absolvisti,  
Et latronem exaudisti,  
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.
- 13 Preces meæ non sunt dignæ.  
Sed tu bonus fac benigne,  
Ne perenni cremer igne.
- 14 Inter oves locum præsta,  
Et ab hædis me sequestra,  
Statuens in parte dextra.
- 15 Confutatis maledictis,  
Flammis acribus addictis,  
Voca me cūm benedictis.

16 Oro supplex et acclinis  
Cor contritum quasi cinis,  
Gere curam mei finis.

17 Lacrymosa dies illa,  
Qua resurget ex favilla  
Judicandus homo reus.  
Huic ergo parce, Deus :  
Pie Jesu Domine,  
Dona eis requiem.



## FOR BENEDICTION.



### 131. TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

1 **O** SALUTARIS Hostia !  
Quæ cœli pandis ostium :  
Bella premunt hostilia :  
Da robur, fer auxilium.

2 Uni trinoque Domino,  
Sit sempiterna gloria :  
Qui vitam sine termino  
Nobis donet in patria.

# 132. TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

- 1 **T**ANTUM ergo Sacramentum  
Veneremur cernui :  
Et antiquum documentum  
Novo cedat ritui :  
Præstet fides supplementum  
Sensuum defectui.
  - 2 Genitori, Genitoque  
Laus et jubilatio,  
Salus, honor, virtus quoque,  
Sit et benedictio :  
Procedenti ab utroque  
Compar sit laudatio.
- 

# 133.

- 1 **A**VE verum corpus natum  
Ex Maria Virgine,  
Vere passum, immolatum,  
In cruce pro homine.
- 2 Cujus latus perforatum  
Fluxit unda et sanguine.  
Esto nobis prægustatum  
Mortis in examine.
- 3 O clemens, O pie,  
O dulcis Jesu, fili Mariæ.



## 134.

**A**DOREMUS in æternum sanctissimum sacramentum.

PSALM CXVI.

1 Laudate Dominum omnes gentes: laudate eum omnes populi:

2 Quoniam confirmata est super nos misericordia ejus: et veritas Domini manet in æternum.

Adoremus, &c.

Gloria Patri et Filio: et Spiritui Sancto.

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc et semper: et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

Adoremus, &c.

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## 135.

PSALM LXXXIII.

**Q**UAM dilecta tabernacula tua, Domine virtutum: concupiscit et deficit anima mea in atria Domini,

2 Cor meum et caro mea: exultaverunt in Deum vivum.

3 Etenim passer invenit sibi domum: et turtur nidum sibi ubi ponat pullos suos.

4 Altaria tua Domine virtutum: Rex meus et Deus meus.

5 Beati qui habitant in domo tua, Domine: in sæcula sæculorum laudabunt te.

6 Beatus vir cujus est auxilium abs te : ascensiones in corde suo disposuit, in valle lacrymarum, in loco quem posuit.

7 Etenim benedictionem dabit legislator, ibunt de virtute in virtutem : videbitur Deus deorum in Sion.

8 Domine Deus virtutum, exaudi orationem meam : auribus percipe, Deus Jacob.

9 Protector noster aspice Deus : et respice in faciem Christi tui.

10 Quia melior est dies una in atriis tuis : super millia.

11 Elegi abjectus esse in domo Dei mei : magis quam habitare in tabernaculis peccatorum.

12 Quia misericordiam et veritatem diligit Deus : gratiam et gloriam dabit Dominus.

13 Non privabit bonis eos, qui ambulant in innocentia : Domine virtutum, beatus homo qui sperat in te.

Gloria Patri et Filio : et Spiritui Sancto.

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc et semper : et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

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## APPENDIX.



### TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

Te Deum laudamus : \*  
te Dominum confitemur.

Te æternum Patrem \*  
omnis terra veneratur.

Tibi omnes angeli,\* tibi  
cœli, et universæ potes-  
tates :

Tibi cherubim et sera-  
phim, \* incessabili voce  
proclamant :

Sanctus, sanctus, sanc-  
tus, \* Dominus Deus Sa-  
baoth :

Pleni sunt cœli et terra,\*  
majestatis gloriæ tuæ.

Te gloriosus \* Apostolo-  
rum chorus.

Te Prophetarum \* lau-  
dabilis numerus.

Te Martyrum candida-  
tus \* laudat exercitus.

We praise thee, O God :  
we acknowledge thee to be  
the Lord.

All the earth doth wor-  
ship thee : the Father ever-  
lasting.

To thee all angels cry  
aloud : the heavens and all  
the powers therein :

To thee cherubim and  
seraphim : continually do  
cry :

Holy, holy, holy : Lord  
God of Sabaoth.

Heaven and earth are  
full : of the majesty of thy  
glory.

The glorious choir of the  
Apostles : praise thee.

The admirable company  
of the Prophets : praise  
thee.

The white-robed army  
of Martyrs : praise thee.

Te per orbem terrarum \*  
sancta confitetur Ecclesia.

Patrem \* immensæ ma-  
jestatis.

Venerandum tuum ve-  
rum \* et unicum Filium.

Sanctum quoque \* Para-  
clitum Spiritum.

Tu Rex gloriæ,\* Christe.

Tu Patris \* sempiternus  
es Filius.

Tu ad liberandum sus-  
cepturus hominem, \* non  
horruisti Virginis uterum.

Tu devicto mortis aculeo,  
\* aperuisti credentibus reg-  
na cœlorum.

Tu ad dexteram Dei se-  
des, \* in gloria Patris.

Judex crederis \* esse  
venturus.

† Te ergo quæsumus, tuis  
famulis subveni,\* quos pre-  
tioso sanguine redemisti.

Æterna fac cum Sanctis  
tuis \* in gloria numerari.

Salvum fac populum tu-  
um, Domine, \* et benedic  
hæreditati tuæ.

The Holy Church  
throughout all the world :  
doth acknowledge thee.

The Father : of an infi-  
nite majesty.

Thy adorable, true : and  
only Son.

Also the Holy Ghost :  
the Comforter.

Thou art the King of  
Glory : O Christ.

Thou art the everlasting  
Son : of the Father.

When thou tookest up-  
pon thee to deliver man :  
thou didst not abhor the  
Virgin's womb.

When thou hadst over-  
come the sting of death :  
thou didst open the king-  
dom of heaven to all be-  
lievers.

Thou sittest at the right  
hand of God : in the glory  
of the Father.

We believe that thou shalt  
come : to be our Judge.

We pray thee, therefore,  
help thy servants : whom  
thou hast redeemed with  
thy precious blood.

Make them to be num-  
bered with thy Saints : in  
glory everlasting.

O Lord, save thy peo-  
ple : and bless thine inhe-  
ritance.

† Here it is usual to kneel.

Et rege eos, et extolle  
illos, \* usque in æternum.

Per singulos dies \* bene-  
dicimus te.

Et laudamus nomen tu-  
um in sæculum, \* et in  
sæculum sæculi.

Dignare, Domine, die  
isto, \* sine peccato nos  
custodire.

Miserere nostri, Do-  
mine, \* miserere nostri.

Fiat misericordia tua,  
Domine, super nos : \* que-  
madmodum speravimus in  
te.

In te, Domine, speravi ;  
\* non confundar in æter-  
num.

Govern them : and lift  
them up for ever.

Day by day : we mag-  
nify thee.

And we praise thy name  
for ever : yea, for ever and  
ever.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, this  
day : to keep us without  
sin.

O Lord, have mercy up-  
on us : have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy  
be shewed upon us : as we  
have hoped in thee.

O Lord, in thee have I  
hoped : let me not be con-  
founded for ever.

# LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN;

*Commonly called the Litany of Loretto.*

*Ant.* Sub tuum præsidium confugimus, sancta Dei Genitrix, nostras deprecationes ne despicias in necessitatibus nostris; sed a periculis cunctis libera nos semper, Virgo gloriosa et benedicta.

Kyrie eleison.

*Kyrie eleison.*

Christe eleison.

*Christe eleison.*

Kyrie eleison.

*Kyrie eleison.*

Christe audi nos.

*Christe exaudi nos.*

Pater de cœlis Deus,

Fili Redemptor mundi

Deus,

Spiritus Sancte Deus,

Sancta Trinitas, unus

Deus,

Sancta Maria, *Ora pro nobis.*

Sancta Dei Genitrix,

Sancta Virgo Virginum,

*Ant.* We fly to thy patronage, O holy Mother of God, despise not our petitions in our necessities; but deliver us always from all dangers, O glorious and blessed Virgin.

Lord have mercy.

*Lord have mercy.*

Christ have mercy.

*Christ have mercy.*

Lord have mercy.

*Lord have mercy.*

Christ hear us.

*Christ graciously hear us.*

God the Father of heaven,

God the Son, Redeemer of the world,

God the Holy Ghost,

Holy Trinity, one God,

Holy Mary, *Pray for us.*

Holy Mother of God,

Holy Virgin of Virgins,

*Miserere nobis.*

*Have mercy on us.*

Mater Christi,  
 Mater divinæ gratiæ,  
 Mater purissima,  
 Mater castissima,  
 Mater inviolata,  
 Mater intemerata,  
 Mater amabilis,  
 Mater admirabilis,  
 Mater Creatoris,  
 Mater Salvatoris,  
 Virgo prudentissima,  
 Virgo veneranda,  
 Virgo prædicanda,  
 Virgo potens,  
 Virgo clemens,  
 Virgo fidelis,  
 Speculum justitiæ,  
 Sedes sapientiæ,  
 Causa nostræ lætitiæ,  
 Vas spirituale,  
 Vas honorabile,  
 Vas insigne devotionis,

*Ora pro nobis.*

Rosa mystica,  
 Turris Davidica,  
 Turris eburnea,  
 Domus aurea,  
 Fœderis arca,  
 Janua cœli,  
 Stella matutina,  
 Salus infirmorum,  
 Refugium peccatorum,  
 Consolatrix afflictorum,  
 Auxilium Christian-  
 orum,

Regina Angelorum,  
 Regina Patriarcharum,  
 Regina Prophetarum,

Mother of Christ,  
 Mother of divine grace,  
 Mother most pure,  
 Mother most chaste,  
 Mother inviolate,  
 Mother undefiled,  
 Mother most amiable,  
 Mother most admirable,  
 Mother of our Creator,  
 Mother of our Saviour,  
 Virgin most prudent,  
 Virgin most venerable,  
 Virgin most renowned,  
 Virgin most powerful,  
 Virgin most merciful,  
 Virgin most faithful,  
 Mirror of justice,  
 Seat of Wisdom,  
 Cause of our joy,  
 Spiritual Vessel,  
 Vessel of honour,  
 Singular Vessel of devo-  
 tion,

Mystical Rose,  
 Tower of David,  
 Tower of ivory,  
 House of gold,  
 Ark of the covenant,  
 Gate of heaven,  
 Morning star,  
 Health of the sick,  
 Refuge of sinners,  
 Comforter of the afflicted,  
 Help of Christians,

Queen of Angels,  
 Queen of Patriarchs,  
 Queen of Prophets,

*Pray for us.*

Regina Apostolorum,  
Regina Martyrum,  
Regina Confessorum,  
Regina Virginum,  
Regina Sanctorum om-  
nium,

*Ora pro nobis.*

Regina sine labe origi-  
nali concepta,

Agnus Dei, qui tollis pec-  
cata mundi,

*Parce nobis, Domine.*

Agnus Dei, qui tollis pec-  
cata mundi,

*Exaudi nos, Domine.*

Agnus Dei, qui tollis pec-  
cata mundi,

*Miserere nobis.*

Christe audi nos,

*Christe exaudi nos.*

*Ant.* Sub tuum præsi-  
dium confugimus, sancta  
Dei Genitrix, nostras de-  
precationes ne despicias in  
necessitatibus nostris; sed  
a periculis cunctis libera  
nos semper, Virgo gloriosa  
et benedicta.

V. Ora pro nobis, sancta  
Dei Genitrix.

R. Ut digni efficiamur  
promissionibus Christi.

Oremus.

Gratiam tuam, quæsu-  
mus, Domine, mentibus  
nostris infunde: ut qui,  
Angelo nuntiante, Christi  
Filii tui Incarnationem

Queen of Apostles,  
Queen of Martyrs,  
Queen of Confessors,  
Queen of Virgins,  
Queen of all Saints,

*Pray for us.*

Queen conceived with-  
out original sin,

Lamb of God, who takest  
away the sins of the world,

*Spare us, O Lord.*

Lamb of God, who takest  
away the sins of the world,

*Graciously hear us, O Lord.*

Lamb of God, who takest  
away the sins of the world,

*Have mercy on us.*

Christ hear us.

*Christ graciously hear us.*

*Ant.* We fly to thy pa-  
tronage, O holy Mother of  
God, despise not our peti-  
tions in our necessities;  
but deliver us always from  
all dangers, O glorious and  
blessed Virgin.

V. Pray for us, O holy  
Mother of God,

R. That we may be  
made worthy of the pro-  
mises of Christ.

Let us pray.

Pour forth, we beseech  
thee, O Lord, thy grace  
into our hearts; that we,  
to whom the Incarnation of  
Christ thy Son was made



cognovimus, per Passionem ✠ ejus et Crucem ad Resurrectionis gloriam perducamur. Per eundem Christum Dominum nostrum.

R. Amen.

V. Divinum auxilium maneat semper nobiscum.

R. Amen.

known by the message of an Angel, may, by his Passion ✠ and Cross, be brought to the glory of his Resurrection. Through the same Christ our Lord.

R. Amen.

V. May the divine assistance remain always with us.

R. Amen.

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## LITANY OF THE SAINTS.

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*Ant.* Nereminiscaris, Domine, delicta nostra, vel parentum nostrorum; neque vindictam sumas de peccatis nostris.

Kyrie eleison.

*Kyrie eleisou.*

Christe eleison.

*Christe eleison.*

Kyrie eleison.

*Kyrie eleison.*

Christe audi nos.

*Christe exaudi nos.*

Pater de cœlis Deus,

Fili Redemptor mundi

Deus,

Spiritus Sancte Deus,

Sancta Trinitas, unus

Deus,

Sancta Maria,

Sancta Dei Genitrix,

Sancta Virgo virginum,

Sancte Michael,

Sancte Gabriel,

Sancte Raphael,

Omnes sancti Angeli et

Archangeli, *Orate, &c.*

Omnes sancti beatorum

Spirituum ordines, *Orate,*

*&c.*

*Ant.* Remember not, O Lord, our offences, nor those of our Fathers; neither take thou vengeance of our sins.

Lord have mercy.

*Lord have mercy.*

Christ have mercy.

*Christ have mercy.*

Lord have mercy.

*Lord have mercy.*

Christ hear us.

*Christ graciously hear us.*

God the Father of heaven,

God the Son, Redeemer of the world,

God the Holy Ghost,

Holy Trinity, one God,

Holy Mary,

Holy Mother of God,

Holy Virgin of virgins,

St. Michael,

St. Gabriel,

St. Raphael,

All ye holy Angels and

Archangels,

All ye holy orders of

blessed Spirits,

*Misere nobis.*

*Ora pro nobis.*

*Have mercy, &c.*

*Pray for us.*

Sancte Joannes Baptista, <i>Ora &amp;c.</i>	St. John Baptist,	
Sancte Joseph, <i>Ora, &amp;c.</i>	St. Joseph,	
Omnes sancti Patriarchæ et Prophetæ, <i>Orate, &amp;c.</i>	All ye holy Patriarchs and Prophets,	
Sancte Petre,	St. Peter,	
Sancte Paule,	St. Paul,	
Sancte Andrea,	St. Andrew,	
Sancte Jacobe,	St. James,	
Sancte Joannes,	St. John,	
Sancte Thoma,	St. Thomas,	
Sancte Jacobe,	St. James,	
Sancte Philippe,	St. Philip,	
Sancte Bartholomæe,	St. Bartholomew,	
Sancte Matthæe,	St. Matthew,	
Sancte Simon,	St. Simon,	
Sancte Thaddæe,	St. Thaddeus,	
Sancte Matthia,	St. Matthias,	
Sancte Barnaba,	St. Barnabas,	
Sancte Luca,	St. Luke,	
Sancte Marce,	St. Mark,	
Omnes sancti Apostoli et Evangelistæ,	All ye holy Apostles and Evangelists,	
Omnes sancti Discipuli Domini,	All ye holy Disciples of our Lord,	
Omnes sancti Innocen- tes,	All ye holy Innocents,	
Sancte Stephane, <i>Ora, &amp;c.</i>	St. Stephen,	
Sancte Laurenti, <i>Ora, &amp;c.</i>	St. Lawrence,	
Sancte Vincenti, <i>Ora, &amp;c.</i>	St. Vincent,	
Sancti Fabiane et Se- bastiane,	SS. Fabian and Sebas- tian,	
Sancti Joannes et Paule,	SS. John and Paul,	
Sancti Cosma et Da- miane,	SS. Cosmas and Damian,	
Sancti Gervasi et Pro- tasi,	SS. Gervase and Protase,	
Omnes sancti Martyres,	All ye holy Martyrs,	

*Ora pro nobis.**Orate, &c.**Orate, &c.**Pray for us.*

Sancte Sylvester,	<i>Ora pro nobis.</i>	St. Sylvester,	
Sancte Gregori,		St. Gregory,	
Sancte Ambrosi,		St. Ambrose,	
Sancte Augustine,		St. Augustine,	
Sancte Hieronyme,		St. Jerome,	
Sancte Martine,		St. Martin,	
Sancte Nicolæe,		St. Nicholas,	
Omnes sancti Pontifices et		All ye holy Bishops and	
Confessores, <i>Orate, &amp;c.</i>		Confessors,	
Omnes sancti Doctores,		All ye holy Doctors,	
<i>Orate, &amp;c.</i>			
Sancte Antoni,	<i>Ora pro nobis.</i>	St. Anthony,	
Sancte Benedicte,		St. Benedict,	
Sancte Bernarde,		St. Bernard,	
Sancte Dominice,		St. Dominic,	
Sancte Francise,		St. Francis,	
Omnes sancti Sacerdotes		All ye holy Priests and	<i>Pray for us.</i>
et Levitæ, <i>Orate, &amp;c.</i>		Levites,	
Omnes sancti Monachi et		All ye holy Monks and	
Eremitæ, <i>Orate, &amp;c.</i>		Hermits,	
Sancta Maria Magdalena,	<i>Ora pro nobis.</i>	St. Mary Magdalene,	
Sancta Agatha,		St. Agatha,	
Sancta Lucia,		St. Lucy,	
Sancta Agnes,		St. Agnes,	
Sancta Cœcilia,		St. Cecily,	
Sancta Catharina,		St. Catherine,	
Sancta Anastasia,		St. Anastasia,	
Omnes sanctæ Virgines et		All ye holy Virgins and	
Viduæ, <i>Orate, &amp;c.</i>		Widows,	
Omnes Sancti et Sanctæ		All ye holy men and wo-	
Dei,		men, Saints of God,	
<i>Intercedite pro nobis.</i>		<i>Make intercession for us.</i>	
Propitius esto,		Be merciful,	
<i>Parce nobis, Domine.</i>		<i>Spare us, O Lord.</i>	
Propitius esto,		Be merciful,	
<i>Exaudi nos, Domine.</i>		<i>Graciously hear us, O Lord.</i>	
Ab omni malo,		From all evil,	
Ab omni peccato,		From all sin,	

Ab ira tua,\*  
A subitanea et improvisa  
morte,  
Ab insidiis diaboli.

Ab ira, et odio, et omni  
mala voluntate,  
A spiritu fornicationis,

A fulgure et tempestate,

A morte perpetua,  
Per mysterium sanctæ  
Incarnationis tuæ,

Per Adventum tuum,  
Per Nativitatem tuam,  
Per Baptismum et sanc-  
tum Jejunium tuum,

Per Crucem et Passio-  
nem tuam,

Per Mortem et Sepultu-  
ram tuam,

Per sanctam Resurrec-  
tionem tuam,

Per admirabilem Ascen-  
sionem tuam,

Per adventum Spiritus  
Sancti Paracleti,

In die judicii,  
Peccatores,

From thy wrath,\*  
From sudden and un-  
looked-for death,  
From the snares of the  
devil,

From anger, and hatred,  
and every evil will,  
From the spirit of forni-  
cation,

From lightning and tem-  
pest,

From everlasting death,  
Through the mystery of  
the holy Incarnation,

Through thy Coming,  
Through thy Nativity,  
Through thy Baptism  
and holy Fasting.

Through thy Cross and  
Passion,

Through thy Death and  
Burial,

Through thy holy Re-  
surrection,

Through thine admira-  
ble Ascension,

Through the coming of  
the Holy Ghost the  
Paraclete,

In the day of judgment,  
We Sinners,

*Libera nos, Domine.*

*O Lord, deliver us.*

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\* Here, for the Devotion of the Forty Hours, is inserted.

Ab imminentibus peri-  
culis,  
A peste, fame, et bello,

From all dangers that  
threaten us,  
From plague, famine,  
and war,

*Te rogamus audi nos.*

Ut nobis parcas,

Ut nobis indulgeas,

Ut ad veram pœnitentiam nos perducere digneris,

Ut Ecclesiam tuam sanctam regere et conservare digneris.

Ut Domnum Apostolicum, et omnes ecclesiasticos ordines in sancta religione conservare digneris,

Ut inimicos sanctæ Ecclesiæ humiliare digneris,\*

Ut regibus et principibus Christianis pacem et veram concordiam donare digneris,

Ut cuncto populo Christiano pacem et unitatem largiri digneris,

Ut nosmetipsos in tuo sancto servitio confortare et conservare digneris,

*Beseech thee, hear us.*

That thou wouldst spare us,

That thou wouldst pardon us,

That thou wouldst bring us to true penance,

That thou wouldst vouchsafe to govern and preserve thy holy Church,

That thou wouldst vouchsafe to preserve our Apostolic Prelate, and all orders of the Church, in holy religion,

That thou wouldst vouchsafe to humble the enemies of holy Church.\*

That thou wouldst vouchsafe to give peace and true concord to Christian kings and princes,

That thou wouldst vouchsafe to grant peace and unity to all Christian people,

That thou wouldst vouchsafe to confirm and preserve us in thy holy service,

*Te rogamus audi nos.*

*We beseech thee, hear us.*

\* For the Devotion of the Forty Hours, insert :

Ut Turcarum, et hæreticorum conatus, reprimere et ad nihilum redigere digneris.

That thou wouldst vouchsafe to defeat the attempts of all Turks and heretics, and bring them to nought.

Ut mentes nostras ad cœlestia desideria eri- gas,	That thou wouldst lift up our minds to heavenly desires,	
Ut omnibus benefactori- bus nostris sempiterna bona retribuas,	That thou wouldst render eternal blessings to all our benefactors,	<i>We beseech thee, hear us.</i>
Ut animas nostras, fra- trum propinquorum et benefactorum nostro- rum ab æterna damna- tione eripias,	That thou wouldst deliver our souls, and the souls of our brethren, rela- tions, and benefactors, from eternal damnation,	
Ut fructus terræ dare et conservare digneris,	Thou that wouldst vouch- safe to give and pre- serve the fruits of the earth,	
Ut omnibus fidelibus de- functis requiem æter- nam donare digneris,	That thou wouldst vouch- safe to grant eternal rest to all the faithful departed,	
Ut nos exaudire dig- neris,	Thou that wouldst vouch- safe graciously to hear us,	
Fili Dei,	Son of God,	
Agnus Dei, qui tollis pec- cata mundi,	Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,	
<i>Parce nobis, Domine.</i>	<i>Spare us, O Lord.</i>	
Agnus Dei, qui tollis pec- cata mundi,	Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,	
<i>Exaudi nos, Domine.</i>	<i>Graciously hear us, O Lord.</i>	
Agnus Dei, qui tollis pec- cata mundi,	Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,	
<i>Miserere nobis.</i>	<i>Have mercy on us.</i>	
Christe audi nos.	Christ hear us.	
<i>Christe exaudi nos.</i>	<i>Christ graciously hear us.</i>	
Kyrie eleison.	Lord have mercy.	

*Christe eleison.*

Kyrie eleison.

Pater noster (*secreto*).

V. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.

R. Sed libera nos a malo.

*Christ have mercy.*

Lord have mercy.

Our Father (*secretly*).

V. And lead us not into temptation.

B. But deliver us from evil.

Psalm lxi. *Deus in adiutorium.*

Deus in adiutorium meum intende : Domine, ad adjuvandum me festina.

Confundantur et revereantur : qui quærunť animam meam.

Avertantur retrorsum, et erubescant : qui volunt mihi mala.

Avertantur statim erubescences, qui dicunt mihi : Euge, euge.

Exultent et lætentur in te omnes qui quærunť te : et dicant semper, Magnificetur Dominus ; qui diligunt salutare tuum.

Ego vero egenus et pauper sum : Deus, adjuva me.

Adjutor meus et liberator meus es tu : Domine, ne moreris.

Gloria Patri, &c.

V. Salvos fac servos tuos.

1 O God, come to my assistance : O Lord, make haste to help me.

2 Let them be confounded and ashamed : that seek after my soul.

3 Let them be turned backward and blush for shame : that desire evils unto me.

4 Let them be straightway turned backward blushing for shame, that say unto me : 'Tis well, 'tis well.

5 Let all that seek thee be joyful and glad in thee : and let such as love thy salvation say alway, The Lord be magnified.

6 But I am needy and poor : O God, help thou me.

7 Thou art my helper and my deliverer : O Lord, make no long delay.

Glory be, &c.

V. Save thy servants.



R. Deus meus sperantes  
in te.

V. Esto nobis, Domine,  
turris fortitudinis.

R. A facie inimici.

V. Nihil proficiat inimi-  
cus in nobis.

R. Et filius iniquitatis  
non apponat nocere nobis.

V. Domine, non secun-  
dum peccata nostra facias  
nobis.

R. Neque secundum  
iniquitates nostras retri-  
buas nobis.

V. Oremus pro Pontifice  
nostro, N.

R. Dominus conservet  
eum, et vivificet eum, et  
beatum faciat eum in  
terra; et non tradat eum  
in animam inimicorum  
ejus.

V. Oremus pro benefac-  
toribus nostris.

R. Retribuere dignare,  
Domine, omnibus nobis  
bona facientibus propter  
nomen tuum vitam æter-  
nam. Amen.

V. Oremus pro fidelibus  
defunctis.

R. Requiem æternam  
dona eis, Domine; et lux  
perpetua luceat eis.

V. Requiescant in pace.

R. Who hope in thee,  
O my God.

V. Be unto us, O Lord,  
a tower of strength.

R. From the face of the  
enemy.

V. Let not the enemy  
prevail against us.

R. Nor the son of ini-  
quity approach to hurt us.

V. O Lord, deal not with  
us according to our sins.

R. Neither requite us  
according to our iniquities.

V. Let us pray for our  
Sovereign Pontiff, N.

R. The Lord preserve  
him and give him life, and  
make him blessed upon  
the earth; and deliver him  
not up to the will of his  
enemies.

V. Let us pray for our  
benefactors.

R. Vouchsafe, O Lord,  
for thy name's sake, to re-  
ward with eternal life all  
them that do us good.  
Amen.

V. Let us pray for the  
faithful departed.

R. Eternal rest give un-  
to them, O Lord; and let  
perpetual light shine upon  
them.

V. Let them rest in peace.

R. Amen.

V. Pro fratribus nostris  
absentibus.

R. Salvos fac servos  
tuos, Deus meus, speran-  
tes in te.

V. Mitte eis, Domine,  
auxilium de sancto.

R. Et de Sion tuere eos.

V. Domine, exaudi ora-  
tionem meam.

R. Et clamor meus ad  
te veniat.

Oremus.\*

R. Amen.

V. For our absent bre-  
thren.

R. Save thy servants,  
who hope in thee, O my  
God.

V. Send them help, O  
Lord, from the sanctuary.

R. And defend them  
out of Sion.

V. O Lord, hear my  
prayer.

R. And let my cry come  
unto thee.

Let us pray.\*

\* For the Devotion of the Forty Hours the following  
Collects are used :

Deus, qui nobis sub sa-  
cramento mirabili Passio-  
nis tuæ memoriam reli-  
quisti ; tribue, quæsumus,  
ita nos Corporis et San-  
guinis tui sacra mysteria  
venerari, ut redemptionis  
tuæ fructum in nobis jugi-  
ter sentiamus. Qui vivis  
et regnas in sæcula sæcu-  
lorum. Amen.

O God, who in this won-  
derful Sacrament hast left  
us a memorial of thy Pas-  
sion ; grant, we beseech  
thee, that we may so wor-  
thily reverence the sacred  
mysteries of thy Body and  
Blood, that we may con-  
tinually find in our souls  
the fruit of thy redemption.  
Who livest and reignest for  
ever and ever. Amen.

*From Advent to Christmas.*

Deus, qui de beatæ Ma-  
riæ Virginis utero Verbum  
tuum, angelo nuntiante,  
carnem suscipere voluisti ;  
præsta supplicibus tuis, ut

O God, who wast pleased  
that thy Word, at the mes-  
sage of an angel, should  
take flesh in the womb of  
the blessed Virgin Mary ;

Deus, cui proprium est misereri semper, et parcere : suscipe deprecationem nostram ; ut nos, et omnes famulos tuos, quos delictorum catena constringit, miseratio tuæ pietatis clementer absolvat.

Exaudi, quæsumus, Domine, supplicum preces, et confitentium tibi parce pec-

O God, whose property is always to have mercy and to spare, receive our humble petition : that we, and all thy servants who are bound by the chain of sins, may, by the compassion of thy goodness, mercifully be absolved.

Graciously hear, we beseech thee, O Lord, the prayers of thy suppliants,

qui vere eam Genitricem Dei credimus, ejus apud te intercessionibus adjuvemur. Per eundem Christum Dominum nostrum.

grant to us, thy humble servants, that, as we believe her to be truly the Mother of God, we may be assisted also by her intercessions with thee. Through the same Christ our Lord.

R. Amen.

R. Amen.

*From Christmas to the Purification.*

Deus, qui salutis æternæ, beatæ Mariæ virginitate fecunda, humano generi præmia præstitisti ; tribue, quæsumus, ut ipsam pro nobis intercedere sentiamus, per quam meruimus auctorem vitæ suscipere Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum Filium tuum. Qui tecum vivit et regnat in unitate Spiritus Sancti, Deus, per omnia sæcula sæculorum.

R. Amen.

O God, who, by the fruitful virginity of blessed Mary, hast given to mankind the rewards of eternal salvation ; grant, we beseech thee, that we may experience her intercession for us, through whom we have received the author of life, our Lord Jesus Christ thy Son. Who liveth and reigneth with thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, God, world without end.

R. Amen.

catis: ut pariter nobis indulgentiam tribuas benignus et pacem.

Ineffabilem nobis, Domine, misericordiam tuam clementer ostende: ut simul nos et a peccatis omnibus exuas, et a pœnis, quas pro his meremur, eripias.

Deus, qui culpa offen-

and forgive the sins of them that confess to thee; that, in thy bounty, thou mayest grant us both pardon and peace.

Shew forth upon us, O Lord, in thy mercy, thy unspeakable loving kindness; that thou mayest both loose us from all our sins, and deliver us from the punishments which we deserve for them.

O God, who by sin art

*From the Purification to Advent.*

Concede nos famulos tuos, quæsumus, Domine Deus, perpetua mentis et corporis sanitate gaudere; et gloriosa beatæ Mariæ semper Virginis intercessionem, a præsentī liberari tristitia, et æterna perfrui lætitia.

Grant, we beseech thee, O Lord God, that we, thy servants, may enjoy perpetual health of mind and body; and by the intercession of the blessed Mary ever Virgin, may be delivered from present sorrow, and obtain eternal joy.

*Then follows the Collect for the Pope, after which is said:*

Deus, refugium nostrum et virtus, adesto piis Ecclesiæ tuæ precibus, auctor ipse pietatis; et præsta, ut quod fideliter petimus, efficaciter consequamur.

Omnipotens, sempiternus Deus, in cujus manu sunt omnes potestates, et omnia

O God, our refuge and strength, who art the author of all piety, hearken unto the devout prayers of thy Church; and grant that what we ask faithfully we may obtain effectually.

Almighty, everlasting God, in whose hand are all the powers and all the

deris, pœnitentia placaris :  
preces populi tui suppli-  
cantis propitius respice :  
et flagella tuæ iracundiæ,  
quæ pro peccatis nostris  
meremur, averte.

Omnipotens, sempiterne  
Deus, miserere famulo tuo  
Pontifici nostro N, et di-  
rige eum secundum tuam  
clementiam in viam salu-  
tis æternæ : ut te donante  
tibi placita cupiat, et tota  
virtute perficiat.

Deus, a quo sancta de-  
sideria, recta consilia, et  
justa sunt opera : da servis

offended, and by penance  
pacified, mercifully regard  
the prayers of thy people  
making supplication to  
thee, and turn away the  
scourges of thine anger,  
which we deserve for our  
sins.

Almighty, everlasting  
God, have mercy upon thy  
servant N, our Sovereign  
Pontiff, and direct him,  
according to thy clemency,  
into the way of everlast-  
ing salvation ; that by thy  
grace he may both desire  
those things that are pleas-  
ing to thee, and perform  
them with all his strength.

O God, from whom all  
holy desires, all right coun-  
sels, and all just works do

jura regnorum, respice in  
auxilium Christianorum,  
ut gentes paganorum et  
hæreticorum, quæ in sua  
feritate et fraude confi-  
dunt, dexteræ tuæ potentia  
conterantur.

rights of kingdoms, come  
to the assistance of thy  
Christian people, that all  
pagan and heretical na-  
tions, who trust in their  
own violence and fraud,  
may be broken by the  
might of thy right hand.

*Then follows the last Collect, Omnipotens sempiterne  
Deus, &c., Almighty, everlasting God, &c., with the  
Versicles, except that, in the last response but one, &c.,  
instead of the simple Amen, is said,*

R. Et custodiat nos  
semper. Amen.

R. And ever preserve  
us. Amen.

tuis illam, quam mundus dare non potest, pacem; ut et corda nostra mandatis tuis dedita, et hostium sublata formidine, tempora sint tua protectione tranquilla.

Ure igne Sancti Spiritus renes nostros et cor nostrum, Domine: ut tibi casto corpore serviamus, et mundo corde placeamus.

Fidelium Deus omnium Conditor et Redemptor, animabus famulorum famularumque tuarum remissionem cunctorum tribue peccatorum: ut indulgentiam, quam semper optaverunt, piis supplicationibus consequantur.

Actiones nostras, quæsumus, Domine, aspirando præveni, et adjuvando prosequere: ut cuncta nostra oratio et operatio a te semper incipiat, et per te cæpta finiatur.

Omnipotens, sempiterna Deus, qui vivorum dominaris simul et mortuorum, omniumque misereris, quos tuos fide et opere futuros

come, give unto thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that our hearts being given up to obey thy commandments, and the fear of enemies being taken away, our days, by thy protection, may be peaceful.

Inflame, O Lord, our reins and heart with the fire of the Holy Ghost; that we may serve thee with a chaste body, and please thee with a clean heart.

O God, the Creator and Redeemer of all the faithful, give to the souls of thy servants departed the remission of all their sins; that through pious supplications they may obtain the pardon which they have always desired.

Prevent, we beseech thee, O Lord, our actions by thy inspirations, and further them with thy continual help; that every prayer and work of ours may always begin from thee, and through thee be likewise ended.

Almighty, everlasting God, who hast dominion over the living and the dead, and art merciful to all, who thou foreknowest

esse prænoscis : te supplices exoramus : ut pro quibus effundere preces decrevimus, quosque vel præsens sæculum adhuc in carne retinet, vel futurum jam exutos corpore suscepit, intercedentibus omnibus Sanctis tuis, pietatis tuæ clementia omnium delictorum suorum veniam consequantur. Per Dominum nostrum.

R. Amen.

Son Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, God, for ever and ever. R. Amen.

V. Domine, exaudi orationem meam.

R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

V. Exaudiat nos omnipotens et misericors Dominus.

R. Amen.

V. Et fidelium animæ, per misericordiam Dei, requiescant in pace.

R. Amen.

will be thine by faith and works; we humbly beseech thee that they for whom we intend to pour forth our prayers, whether this present world still retain them in the flesh, or the world to come hath already received them stripped of their mortal bodies, may, by the grace of thy loving kindness, and by the intercession of all the Saints, obtain the remission of all their sins. Through thy

V. O Lord, hear my prayer.

R. And let my cry come unto thee.

V. May the almighty and merciful Lord graciously hear us.

R. Amen.

V. And may the souls of the faithful, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

R. Amen.

## A HYMN TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

*Angelice Patrone.*

- 1 Sweet Angel of Mercy,  
By Heaven's decree  
Divinely appointed  
To watch over me !  
Without thy protection  
So constant and nigh,  
I could not well live ;  
I should tremble to die.
- 2 All thanks for thy love,  
Dear Companion and Friend !  
Oh, may it continue  
With me to the end !  
Oh, cease not to keep me,  
Blest Guide of my youth !  
In the ways of religion,  
And virtue and truth.
- 3 Support me in weakness ;  
My spirit inflame ;  
Defend me in danger ;  
Secure me from shame ;  
That safe from temptation,  
Or sudden surprize,  
I may mount the straight path  
That ascends to the skies.



- 4 When Satan his snares  
 For my ruin shall lay,  
 Be thou, gentle Comrade,  
 My comfort and stay ;  
 And in every event  
 That may happen to me,  
 Make all my desires  
 With thine to agree.
- 5 When I wander in error,  
 My footsteps recall ;  
 Remove from my path  
 What might cause me to fall ;  
 Preserve me from sin ;  
 And, in all that I do,  
 May God and his glory  
 Be ever in view.
- 6 O Thou ! who didst witness  
 My earliest breath !  
 Be with me, I pray,  
 In the hour of death ;  
 Protect me from Satan ;  
 Console me in pain ;  
 And teach me how best  
 I may mercy obtain :
- 7 That, cleans'd by confession  
 Complete and sincere,  
 From all the defilements  
 Afflicting me here,  
 All glowing with love  
 I may gladly depart ;  
 With faith on my lips,  
 And with hope in my heart.

- 8 Nor then do thou leave me,  
 Angelical Friend !  
 But at the tribunal  
 Of Judgment attend ;  
 And cease not to plead  
 For my soul, till forgiven  
 Thou bear it aloft  
 To the palace of Heaven.
- 

### AVE MARIS STELLA.

- 1 Hail ! Ocean Star !  
 Dear Mother of our God !  
 Hail ! O thou Virgin evermore !  
 Of Paradise the blissful door !  
 Hail ! Mary, hail !
- 2 O by thy joy,  
 When Gabriel hail'd thee blest !  
 In peace confirm us one and all,  
 And make amends for Eva's fall ;  
 Hail ! Mary, hail !
- 3 Break thou the chains  
 Of those whom sin has bound ;  
 Upon the blind thy radiance pour ;  
 Each ill remove ; each bliss implore ;  
 Hail ! Mary, hail !
- 4 Shew, shew thyself,  
 The Mother that thou art ;  
 Present our prayers before His throne,  
 Who for our sakes became thy Son ;  
 Hail ! Mary, hail !

- 5        Oh Virgin blest,  
          Oh meekest of the meek !  
Keep us in virtue's path secure ;  
Keep us, Oh keep us meek and pure ;  
          Hail ! Mary, hail !
- 6        Be thou the guide  
          Of all our life, we pray ;  
Till in thy bosom safe we rest  
With Christ's eternal vision blest ;  
          Hail ! Mary, hail !
- 7        Through every time,  
          Through all eternity ;  
To Thee, O Father ! Thee, O Son !  
And Thee, O Spirit, Three in One,  
          One glory be.



## ADDITIONAL HYMNS

---

### Sequence, Whit-Sunday.

*Veni Sancte Spiritus.*

- 1 HOLY Spirit! Lord of light!  
From thy clear celestial height,  
Thy pure beaming radiance give:
- 2 Come, Thou Father of the poor!  
Come, with treasures which endure!  
Come, Thou Light of all that live!
- 3 Thou, of all consolers best,  
Visiting the troubled breast,  
Dost refreshing peace bestow;
- 4 Thou in toil art comfort sweet;  
Pleasant coolness in the heat;  
Solace in the midst of woe.
- 5 Light immortal! light divine!  
Visit Thou these hearts of thine,  
And our inmost being fill:
- 6 If Thou take thy grace away,  
Nothing pure in man will stay;  
All his good is turn'd to ill.

- 7    Heal our wounds—our strength renew ;  
      On our dryness pour thy dew :  
      Wash the stains of guilt away :
  - 8    Bend the stubborn heart and will ;  
      Melt the frozen, warm the chill ;  
      Guide the steps that go astray.
  - 9    Thou, on those who evermore  
      Thee confess and Thee adore,  
      In thy sevenfold gifts, descend :
  - 10   Give them comfort when they die :  
      Give them life with Thee on high ;  
      Give them joys which never end.
- 

## Sequence, Mass for the Dead.

*Dies iræ dies illa.*

- 1    NIGHER still, and still more nigh  
      Draws the Day of Prophecy,  
      Doom'd to melt the earth and sky.
- 2    Oh, what trembling there shall be,  
      When the world its Judge shall see,  
      Coming in dread majesty !
- 3    Hark ! the trump, with thrilling tone,  
      From sepulchral regions lone,  
      Summons all before the throne :

MASS FOR THE DEAD.

- 4 Time and Death it doth appal,  
To see the buried ages all  
Rise to answer at the call.
- 5 Now the books are open spread;  
Now the writing must be read,  
Which condemns the quick and dead:
- 6 Now before the Judge severe  
Hidden things must all appear;  
Nought can pass unpunish'd here.
- 7 What shall guilty I then plead?  
Who for me will intercede,  
When the Saints shall comfort need?
- 8 King of dreadful Majesty!  
Who dost freely justify!  
Fount of Pity, save thou me!
- 9 Recollect, O Love divine!  
'Twas for this lost sheep of thine  
Thou thy glory didst resign:
- 10 Satest wearied seeking me;  
Sufferedst upon the Tree:  
Let not vain thy labour be.
- 11 Judge of Justice, hear my prayer!  
Spare me, Lord, in mercy spare!  
Ere the Reckoning-day appear.
- 12 Lo! thy gracious face I seek;  
Shame and grief are on my cheek;  
Sighs and tears my sorrow speak.

MASS FOR THE DEAD.

- 13 Thou didst Mary's guilt forgive ;  
Didst the dying thief receive ;  
Hence doth hope within me live.
- 14 Worthless are my prayers, I know ;  
Yet, oh, cause me not to go  
Into everlasting woe.
- 15 Sever'd from the guilty band,  
Make me with thy sheep to stand,  
Placing me on thy right hand.
- 16 When the curs'd in anguish flee  
Into flames of misery ;  
With the Blest then call Thou me.
- 17 Suppliant in the dust I lie ;  
My heart a cinder, crush'd and dry ;  
Help me, Lord, when death is nigh !
- 18 Full of tears and full of dread,  
Is the day that wakes the dead,  
Calling all, with solemn blast.  
From the ashes of the past.
- 19 Lord of mercy ! Jesu blest !  
Grant the Faithful light and rest.



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